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WERNER'S

READINGS AND RECITATIONS

No. 9

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

JEAN CARRUTHERS

EDGAR S. WERNER PUBLISHING & SUPPLY CO.
(Incorporated)
NEW YORK

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Dedication.

his work is dedicated to the dear friend to whose enthusiastic assistance its presence is due.

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PREFACE.

MINDFUL of Hamlet's instruction regarding one's own discretion, and gratefully remembering his bold statement that bad work, "though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve, the censure of which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theater of others," the compiler has aimed at literary excellence. Selections have been made from the Latin, French, German, Spanish, Russian, English, and American classics. The compiler would express sincere thanks for much kind assistance, especially for translations made for this collection from 'Prose Poems,' by the great Russian, Tourgenieff.

Thanks are also due to *Puck* and Mr. H. C. Bunner, for courtesy in extending permission to use stories from "Short Sixes;"

To D. Appleton & Co., for Henry Abbey's "The Ringer's Vengeance;"

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And to all who have in any way assisted in this work of presenting new and good studies to the thoughtful student.

J C.

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WERNER'S
Readings and Recitations.

No. 9.

THE HUNCHBACK.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

ACT I., SCENE 2.—A garden before a country house.

[*Enter* JULIA *and* HELEN.]

HELEN. I like not, Julia, this, your country life.
I'm weary on't.

JULIA. Indeed? So am not I!
I know no other; would no other know.

HEL. You would no other know! Would you not know
Another relative—another friend—
Another house—another anything,
Because the ones you have already please you?
That's poor content!
"Would you not be more rich,
More wise, more fair?" The song that last you learned
You fancy well, and therefore shall you learn
No other song? Your virginal, 'tis true,
Hath a sweet tone; but does it follow thence,
You shall not have another virginal?
You *may*, love, and a sweeter one; and so
A sweeter life may find than this you lead!

JUL. I seek it not. Helen, I'm constancy!

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HEL. So is a cat, a dog, a silly hen,
An owl, a bat—where they are wont to lodge
That still sojourn, nor care to shift their quarters.
Thou'rt constancy? I'm glad I know thy name!
The spider comes of the same family,
That in his meshy fortress spends his life,
Unless you pull it down, and scare him from it.
And so, in very deed, thou'rt constancy!

JUL. Helen, you know the adage of the tree;
I've ta'en the bend. This rural life of mine,
Enjoined me by an unknown father's will,
I've led from infancy. Debarred from hope
Of change, I ne'er have sighed for change. The town
To me was like the moon, for any thought
I e'er should visit it—nor was I schooled
To think it half so fair!

HEL. Not half so fair!
The town's the sun, and thou hast dwelt in night
E'er since thy birth, not to have seen the town!
Their women there are queens, and kings their men;
Their houses palaces!

JUL. And what of that?
Have your town palaces a hall like this?
Couches so fragrant? walls so high adorned?
Casements with such festoons, such prospects, Helen,
As these fair vistas have? Your kings and queens!
See me a May-day queen, and talk of them!

HEL. Extremes are ever neighbors. 'Tis a step
From one to the other! Were thy constancy
A reasonable thing—a little less
Of constancy—a woman's constancy—
I should not wonder wert thou ten years hence
The maid I know thee now; but as it is,
The odds are ten to one that this day year
Will see our May-day queen a city one.

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JUL. Never! I'm wedded to a country life.
Oh, did you hear what Master Walter says!
Nine times in ten, the town's a hollow thing,
Where what things are is naught to what they show:
Where merit's name laughs merit's self to scorn;
Where friendship and esteem, that ought to be
The tenants of men's hearts, lodge in their looks
And tongues alone; where little virtue, with
A costly keeper, passes for a heap;
A heap for none, that has a homely one;
Where fashion makes the law—your umpire which
You bow to, whether it has brains or not;
Where Folly taketh off his cap and bells,
To clap on Wisdom, which must bear the jest;
Where, to pass current, you must seem the thing,
The passive thing that others think, and not
Your simple, honest, independent self!

HEL. Ay, so says Master Walter. See I not
What you can find in Master Walter, Julia,
To be so fond of him.

JUL. He's fond of me.
I've known him since I was a child. E'en then
The week I thought a weary, heavy one,
That brought not Master Walter. I had those
About me then that made a fool of me,
As children oft are fooled; but more I loved
Good Master Walter's lesson than the play
With which they'd surfeit me. As I grew up,
More frequent Master Walter came, and more
I loved to see him. I had tutors then,
Men of great skill and learning—but not one
That taught like Master Walter. What they'd show me,
And I, dull as I was, but doubtful saw,—
A word from Master Walter made as clear
As daylight! When my schooling days were o'er—

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That's now good three years past—three years—I vow
I'm twenty, Helen!—well, as I was saying,
When I had done with school, and all were gone,
Still Master Walter came; and still he comes,
Summer or winter, frost or rain. I've seen
The snow upon a level with the hedge,
Yet there was Master Walter!

HEL. Who comes here?
A carriage, and a gay one. Who alights?
Pshaw! Only Master Walter! What see you,
Which thus repairs the arch of the fair brow,
A frown was like to spoil? A gentleman!
One of our town kings! Mark—how say you now!
Wouldst be a town queen, Julia? Which of us,
I wonder, comes he for?

JUL. For neither of us;
He's Master Walter's clerk, most like.

HEL. Most like!
Mark him as he comes up the avenue;
So looks a clerk! A clerk has such a gait!
So does a clerk dress, Julia,—mind his hose—
They're very like a clerk's! A diamond loop
And button, note you, for his clerkship's hat—
Oh, certainly, a clerk!
For all the world a clerk! See, Julia, see,
How Master Walter bows, and yields him place,
That he may first go in,—a very clerk!
I'll learn of thee, love, when I'd know a clerk!

JUL. I wonder who he is.

HEL. Wouldst like to know?
Wouldst, for a fancy, ride to town with him?
I prophesy he comes to take thee thither.

JUL. He ne'er takes me to town. No, Helen, no;
To town who will—a country life for me!

HEL. We'll see.

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[*Enter* FATHOM.]

[NOTE.—In a dialogue FATHOM'S speech may be given by HELEN, changing Madam to Julia, omitting the parts in the brackets.]

FATH. You're wanted, madam.

JUL. [*embarrassed*]. Which of us?

FATH. You, madam.

HEL. Julia! what's the matter? Nay,
Mount not the rose so soon. He must not see it
A month hence. 'Tis love's flower, which, once she wears,
The maid is all his own.

JUL. Go to!

HEL. Be sure
He comes to woo thee! He will bear thee hence;
He'll make thee change the country for the town.

JUL. I'm constancy. Name he the town to me,
I'll tell him what I think on't!

HEL. Then you guess
He comes a-wooing?

JUL. I guess naught.

HEL. You do!
At your grave words, your lips, more honest, smile,
And show them to be traitors. Hie to him.

JUL. Hie thee to soberness. [*Exit.*]

HEL. Ay, will I, when
Thy bridemaid, I shall hie to church with thee.

A BUSH STUDY, *À LÀ WATTEAU.*

ARTHUR PATCHETT MARTIN.

HE.

SEE the smoke-wreaths how they curl so lightly skyward
From the ivied cottage nestled in the trees;
Such a lovely spot—I really feel that I would
Be happy there with children on my knees.

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SHE.

No, you wouldn't. These are merely idle fancies
Of a gentleman much given to day-dreams.
These chimneys always smoke, and then the chance is,
You would have a scolding wife and babe that screams.

HE.

Ah! but look! just there, above that lowly cottage,
Birds are flitting in the sunlight clear and pure;
And the threescore years and ten—man's poor allottage—
Might be passed away with pleasure there, I'm sure.

SHE.

Now, pray listen, O vain wanderer from the city,
And look bravely up and meet my searching eyes:
Would you give up all your town life, bright and witty,
Just because the cottage smoke curls to the skies?

HE.

I regret to find you're one of those young ladies—
Pet productions of this artificial age:
Rural solitude to you is simply Hades,
And your paradise the ballroom or the stage.

SHE.

Yes, forsooth! and why? Because, my airy dreamer,
I can use my eyes as well as gayly dance—
See the husband, wife, the lover, dupe and schemer,
All whirling past and weaving a romance.

HE.

You think, then, Miss, such dreadful social questions
Are like cards, designed to pass away the time;
Do you not perceive that all these pseudo-Christians
Are but moths that flutter round the candle crime?

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SHE.

At the play, too, where I oft with dear mamma go,
There's the drama being acted on the boards;
And Othello, Desdemona, and Iago
In the boxes, p'raps, without the paint and swords.

HE.

Well, that may be, but the life of show and fashion
You so prize above the simple joys around,
Is all false; more noble manhood and true passion
In the daily lives of rustics may be found.

SHE.

Think you, then, that those who dwell in rural places
Are quite free from every evil thought and deed?
Pray speak unto the swain who hither paces
With slow steps, as though in pain, across the mead.

HE.

If you will not sneer, I'll ask him for his story;
But expect not that his daily life shall be
Full of famous deeds; he careth not for glory,
But lives by honest labor, pure and free.

SHE.

Speak on; speak! and let me hear this modern idyl
From the lips of yonder heavy-footed swain;
By-the-bye, his wild, erratic sort of sidle
Seems to indicate that he the bowl doth drain.

HE.

Hush—he'll overhear. . . . Oh tell me, gentle cotter,
Dwellest thou here remote from carking care and strife?

SUNDOWNER.

What's that to you? Are you a bloated squatter?
Better clear, old man [hic] 'companied by your wife.

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HE.

Thou mistakest me, thou toil-worn man and humble;
I own no lands where graze the peaceful sheep.
Thou art stirred with deep emotion, and dost mumble—
Speak up bravely, brother man, and do not weep.

SUNDOWNER.

Hot to-day, guv'nor; let's go and have a liquor;
Lady take anything? Bless you, I can pay—
Haven't had one yet, and nothing makes me sicker
Than abstaining altogether such a day.

Sings.

Shearing sheep is dry work,
Kissing girls is sly work;
But drinking deep is my work;
So, let's drink, boys, drink!

HE.

Come, Mabel, come. He is worse than Turk or Bulgar,
And his presence doth the very air pollute.

SHE.

Well, I must confess he is a trifle vulgar;
But what say you now, my dreamer?

HE.

I am mute.

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THE STORY OF A SHORT LIFE.

JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

[SUMMARY.—When Leonard, the beautiful but rather spoiled only child, was six years old, his father, master of the house, heard of the arrival in the neighborhood of a camp, whose barrack-master was his brother-in-law. He drove his family to the camp to see a grand field day. Leonard insisted on carrying his pet dog, a black puppy, called Sweep. Crowded in the carriage, his dog in his arms, his excitement knew no bounds. The animal struggled and both fell from the carriage. The child was picked up from under the feet of a horse, a cripple for life. He grew fretful and domineering; few had courage to correct him in his disappointment and suffering. At last the mother, made wise by her great love, appealed to the really brave boy's manliness; showed him he could possess the best qualities of the soldiers he so greatly admired—fortitude, patience and endurance; made him feel what moral courage meant to a crippled child, until his ardent nature built up out of his physical weakness a bulwark of moral strength, and he loved discipline for its own sake. The boy loved and honored a young officer with a splendid voice and the decoration of the Victoria Cross, and called him the V. C. His aunt and uncle, fond of him, kept him with them, in the camp he so loved, to the last.]

IT was Sunday, Sunday the tenth of November, St. Martin's Day. Though in November it was a summer day.

"Ye look cloudy this fine morning, Kapellmeister," cried the Irish officer. "Got the toothache?"

The kapellmeister (the officer who played the organ) shook his head, and forced a smile which rather intensified than diminished the gloom of a countenance which did not naturally lend itself to lines of levity. Was he not a Scotchman and a musician? His lips smiled in answer to the chaff, but his sombre eyes were fixed on the V. C. They had, as some eyes had, an odd summoning power, and the V. C. went to meet him. When he said: "I was there this morning," the V. C's eyes followed the kapellmeister's to the barrack-master's hut, and his own face fell.

"He wants the 'Tug-of-War' hymn," said the kapellmeister.

"He's not coming to church?"

"Oh, no; but he's set his heart on hearing the 'Tug-of-War' hymn through his bed-room window; and it seems the chaplain

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has promised we shall have it to-day. It's a most amazing thing," added the kapellmeister, shooting out one arm with a gesture common to him when oppressed by an idea, "it's a *most* amazing thing! For I think if I were in my grave that hymn, as these men bolt with it, might make me turn in my place of rest; but it's the last thing I should care to hear if I were ill in bed! However, he wants it, poor lad, and he asked me if you would turn outside when it begins, and sing so that he can hear your voice and the words."

"Oh, he can never hear me over there!"

"He can hear you fast enough. It's quite close. He begged me to ask you, and I was to say it's his last Sunday."

There was a pause. The V. C. looked at the little "officer's door," close to his usual seat, which always stood open in summer weather, and half in half out of which men often stood in the crush of a parade service. There was no difficulty in the matter except his own intense dislike to anything approaching to display. Also, he had become more attached than he could have believed possible to the gallant-hearted child, whose worship of him had been flattery as delicate as it was sincere. It was no small pain to know that the boy lay dying—a pain he would have preferred to bear in silence.

"Is he much set upon it?"

"Absolutely."

"Is she—is Lady Jane, his mother, there?"

"All of them. He can't last the day out."

"When will it be sung—that hymn, I mean?"

"I've put it on after the third collect."

"All right."

The V. C. took up his sword and went to his seat, and the kapellmeister took up his and went to the organ.

. . . . . .

In the barrack-master's hut my hero lay dying. His mind was now absolutely clear, but during the night it had wandered—

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wandered in a delirium that was perhaps some solace of his sufferings, for he had believed himself to be a soldier in active service, bearing the brunt of battle and the pain of wounds; and when fever consumed him, he thought it was the heat of India that parched his throat and scorched his skin, and called again and again in noble raving to imaginary comrades to keep up heart and press forward.

About four o'clock he sank into stupor, and the doctor forced Lady Jane to lie down, and the Colonel took his wife away to rest also.

At gun-fire Leonard opened his eyes. For some minutes he gazed straight ahead of him, and the master of the house, who sat by his bedside, could not be sure whether he were still delirious or not; but when their eyes met he saw that Leonard's senses had returned, and he kissed the wan little hand that was feeling about for the Sweep's head, in silence that he almost feared to break.

. . . . . .

"Hymn two hundred and sixty-three: 'Fight the good fight of faith.'"

The third collect was just ended, and a prolonged and somewhat irregular "Amen" was dying away among the choir, who were beginning to feel for their hymn-books. The lack of precision, the "dropping shots" style in which that amen was delivered, would have been exasperating to the kapellmeister if his own attention had not been for a moment diverted by anxiety to know if the V. C. remembered that the time had come. As the chaplain gave out the hymn, the kapellmeister gave one glance, as searching as it was sombre, round the corner of that odd little curtain which it is the custom to hang behind an organist; and this sufficing to tell him that the V. C. had not forgotten, he drew out certain stops, and, bending himself to manual and pedal, gave forth the popular melody of the "Tug-of-War" hymn with a precision indicative of a resolution to have it sung in strict time, or know the reason why. And as nine hundred and odd men rose to their feet

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with some clatter of heavy boots and accoutrements, the V. C. turned quietly out of the crowded church and stood outside upon the steps, bareheaded, in the sunshine of St. Martin's "little summer," with the tiniest of hymn-books between his finger and thumb.

Circumstances had made a soldier of the V. C., but by nature he was a student. When he brought the little hymn-book to his eyes to get a mental grasp of the hymn, before he began to sing it, he committed the first four lines to an intelligence sufficiently trained to hold them in remembrance for the brief time that it would take to sing them. Involuntarily his active brain did more; and was crossed by a critical sense of the crude, barbaric taste of childhood, and a wonder what consolation the suffering boy could find in these gaudy lines:

"The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in His train?"

But when he brought the little hymn-book to his eyes to take in the next four lines, they startled him with the revulsion of a sudden sympathy; and lifting his face toward the barrack-master's hut he sang—as he rarely sang in the drawing-rooms, even words the most felicitous to melodies the most sweet—sang not only to the delight of the dying boy, but so that the kapellmeister himself heard it, and smiled as he heard:

"Who best can drink His cup of woe
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His cross below—
He follows in His train."

. . . . . .

On each side of Leonard's bed, like guardian angels, knelt his father and mother. At his feet lay the Sweep, who now and then lifted a long, melancholy nose and anxious eyes. At the foot of the bed stood the barrack-master. Near the window sat Aunt Adelaide, with her prayer-book, following the service in her own orderly and pious fashion, sometimes saying a prayer aloud at

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Leonard's bidding, and anon replying to his oft-repeated inquiry: "Is it the third collect yet, aunty dear?" She had turned her head, more quickly than usual, to speak, when clear and strenuous came the melody of the "Tug-of-War" hymn.

"There! There it is! Oh, good kapellmeister! Mother dear, please go to the window and see if V. C. is there, and wave your hand to him. Father dear, lift me up a little, please. Ah, now I hear him! Good V. C.! I don't believe you'll sing better than that when you're promoted to be an angel. Are the men singing pretty loud? May I have a little of that stuff to keep me from coughing, mother dear? You know I am not impatient, but I do hope, please God, I shan't die till I've just heard them *tug* that verse once more!"

. . . . . .

The sight of Lady Jane had distracted the V. C.'s thoughts from the hymn. He was singing mechanically, when he became conscious of some increasing pressure and irregularity in the time. Then he remembered what it was. The soldiers were beginning to tug. In a moment more the organ stopped, and the V. C. found himself, with over three hundred men at his back, singing without accompaniment and in unison:

"A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around their Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of white arrayed."

The kapellmeister conceded that verse to the shouts of the congregation; but he invariably reclaimed control over the last. Even now, as the men paused to take breath after the "tug," the organ spoke again, softly but seraphically, and clearer and sweeter above the voices behind him rose the voice of the V. C., singing to his little friend:

"They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil and pain."

The men sang on; but the V. C. stopped, as if he had been shot; for a man's hand had come to the barrack-master's window and pulled the white blind down.

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THE POOR IRISH BOY.

ELIZA COOK.

OH! I wish that the strange kith and kin of my father
Had never remembered poor Norah at all;
They have left me a heap of bright gold, but I'd rather
Go back as I was to the clay-cottage wall.
Gay lovers in plenty come whining and wooing;
I'm followed as close as a deer by the hounds;
False-hearted fellows! I know what they're doing;
They're courting my pennies, now turned into pounds.
But Dermot, dear Dermot—oh! woe is my breathing;
Dermot has stricken the root of my joy;
For he passes me by with a flash in his eye,
Saying, "Norah's too rich for the poor Irish boy."

Oh! will I forget when he helped me to carry
The bucket of water and basket of peat!
When I left him alone, and yet found he would tarry
To gaze on the dew-moistened prints of my feet.
Oh! will I forget his sad praying and weeping
When the sickness and fever were wasting my cheeks,
When he turned from his bread and watched on without sleeping;
With a sorrow too deep for his white lips to speak?
O Dermot, dear Dermot, though gold oft bewitches,
And the best of our souls it can often destroy;
Yet Norah's warm heart would soon break amid riches,
Unless they were shared by the poor Irish boy.

Though the pledge in pure whiskey too often he's drinking;
Though he idles his time, singing "Cushla Machree,"
Yet they cannot be mighty great faults, I am thinking,
When the glass and the song are both sacred to me.

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They tell me his face has no beauty about it;
But beauty's a garb for a butterfly's wear:
I'm not sure but I love him the better without it,
Yet how white are his teeth and how black is his hair!
Dermot, my own darling Dermot, oh, never
Believe that I'll look on another with joy!
But just ask me once more if I'll have you forever,
And see if I'll turn from the poor Irish boy.

MR. HARRIS'S COMIC SONG.

JEROME K. JEROME.

YOU have never heard Harris sing a comic song? It is one of his fixed ideas that he *can* sing a comic song. The fixed idea, on the contrary, among those of Harris's friends who have heard him try, is that he *can't* and never will be able to, and that he ought not to be allowed to try.

When Harris is at a party and is asked to sing, he replies: "Well, I can only sing a comic song, you know;" and he says it in a tone that implies that his singing of *that*, however, is a thing that you ought to hear once and then die.

"Oh, that is nice," says the hostess. "Do sing one, Mr. Harris."

Harris gets up and makes for the piano, with the beaming cheeriness of a generous-minded man who is just about to give somebody something.

"Now, silence please, everybody," says the hostess, turning round. "Mr. Harris is going to sing a comic song!"

"Oh, how jolly!" they murmur; and they hurry in from the conservatory, and come up from the stairs, and go and fetch each other from all over the house, and crowd into the drawing-room and sit around, all smirking in anticipation.

Then Harris begins. Well, you don't look for much of a voice in a comic song; you don't expect correct phrasing or vocalization; you don't mind if a man does find out, when in the middle

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of a note, that he is too high, and comes down with a jerk; you don't bother about time; you don't mind a man being two bars in front of the accompaniment, and easing up in the middle of a line to argue it out with the pianist, and then starting the verse afresh —but you do expect the words. You don't expect a man to never remember more than the first three lines of the first verse, and to keep on repeating these until it is time to begin the chorus; you don't expect a man to break off in the middle of a line, and snigger, and say it's very funny, but he's blest if he can think of the rest of it, and then try and make up for himself, and afterward suddenly recollect it, when he has got to an entirely different part of the song, and break off without a word of warning, to go back and let you have it then and there. You don't—well, I will just give you an idea of Harris's comic singing, and then you can judge of it for yourself.

HARRIS [standing up in front of piano and addressing the expectant mob]: I'm afraid it's a very old thing, you know. But it's the only thing I know. It's the "Judge's Song," out of "Pinafore"—no, I don't mean "*Pinafore*," I mean—you know what I mean—the other thing, you know. You must all join in the chorus, you know. [Murmurs of delight and anxiety to join in the chorus. Brilliant performance of prelude to the "Judge's Song," in "Trial by Jury," by nervous pianist. Moment arrives for Harris to join in. Harris takes no notice of it. Nervous pianist commences prelude over again, and Harris, commencing singing at the same time, dashes off the first two lines of the "First Lord's Song," out of "Pinafore." Nervous pianist tries to push on with prelude, gives it up, and tries to follow Harris with accompaniment to "Judge's Song" out of "Trial by Jury;" finds that doesn't answer, and tries to recollect what he is doing, and where he is; feels his mind giving way, and stops short.]

HARRIS [with kindly encouragement]: It's all right. You're doing very well, indeed; go on.

NERVOUS PIANIST: I'm afraid there's a mistake somewhere. What are you singing?

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HARRIS [promptly]: Why, the "Judge's Song," out of "Trial by Jury." Don't you know it?

Some friend of Harris's [from the back of the room]: No, you're not, you chucklehead; you're singing the "Admiral's Song," from "Pinafore."

[Long argument between Harris and Harris's friend as to what Harris is really singing. Friend finally suggests that it doesn't matter what Harris is singing so long as Harris gets on and sings it, and Harris, with an evident sense of injustice, requests pianist to begin again. Pianist thereupon starts prelude to the "Admiral's Song," and Harris, seizing what he considers to be a favorable opening in the music, begins.]

HARRIS:

"When I was young and called to the bar—"

[General roar of laughter, taken by Harris as a compliment. Pianist, thinking of his wife and family, gives up the unequal contest and retires; his place being taken by a stronger-nerved man.]

THE NEW PIANIST [cheerily]: Now, then, old man, you start off, and I'll follow. We won't bother about any prelude.

HARRIS [upon whom the explanation of matters has slowly dawned—laughing]: By Jove! I beg your pardon. Of course, I've been mixing up the two songs. It was Jenkins confused me, you know. Now then—[singing, his voice appearing to come from the cellar, and suggesting the first low warnings of an approaching earthquake]:

"When I was young I served a term
As office boy to an attorney's firm."

[Aside to pianist]: It is too low, old man; we'll have that over again, if you don't mind. [Sings first two lines over again, in a high falsetto this time. Great surprise on the part of the audience. Nervous old lady near the fire begins to cry, and has to be led out.]

HARRIS [continuing]:

"I swept the windows and I swept the door,
And I——"

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No, no——

"I cleaned the windows of the big front door,
And I polished up the floor."——

No, dash it!—I beg your pardon—funny thing, I can't think of that line. "And I—and I——" oh, well, we'll get on to the chorus, and chance it [sings]:

"And I diddle-diddle-diddle-diddle-diddle-diddle-de
Till now I am the ruler of the Queen's navee."

Now, then, chorus—it's the last two lines repeated, you know.

GENERAL CHORUS:

"And he diddle-diddle-diddle-diddle-diddle-diddle-deed
Till now he is the ruler of the Queen's navee."

And Harris never sees what an ass he is making of himself, and how he is annoying a lot of people who never did him any harm. He honestly imagines that he has given them a treat, and says he will sing another comic song after supper.

A BRISTOL FIGURE.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

RAISED on a little carven corner-shelf,
Half-hidden by a curtain, stands a figure,
Too small to have been left there by itself,
But that it seems to claim a right to space—
This baby gentleman with shirt of lace,
And small forefinger curving round a trigger.

A trigger only, for the dainty hand
Has lost the rest of what was once a pistol;
But still remains the spirit of command—
The dandy grace, heroic of the boy—
That makes me think of Dresden and of Troy,
Although I recognize the paste as Bristol.

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So more from habit than desire to know,
  Down from its lonely stage I softly whisk it,
And turn it up, and, sure enough, below
A triangle enclosing two crossed swords—
Impressed, a mark which plainest proof affords
  The piece is nothing less than Bristol biscuit.

And then I hear a hurried cry of, "Oh,
  Don't touch!" And ere the sentence is completed,
A slender lady with a face of woe
Has gently seized the figure from my hand,
Replaced it carefully upon its stand,
  And bid me in a chilly voice, "Be seated."

"Your business, sir," she says; and I begin
  To tell this victim of the china fashion
That I have come in search of next of kin,
To some one who has died without a will,
And soon her eyes grow kind, attentive, still,
  Without a symptom of their recent passion.

Yes, as she sat there silent in her chair
  I thought I never saw more sweet a creature;
And when she spoke I found her wise as fair.
Indeed 'twas hard my senses to convince
She was the lady who, a moment since,
  Showed signs of temper both in voice and feature.

And as I rose I said: "I thank you much
  For all your courtesy to me, a stranger.
I fear you thought me very rude to touch
Your Bristol boy. I have a piece or two
Worthy of such a connoisseur as you,
And know the shock of seeing them in danger.

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"'Tis injured—but indubitably fine,
And, if you'll trust in one who has offended,
I know a man—a genius in his line—
Whom I and just a very few employ.
He will restore for you your little boy,
So that you'll scarcely know he has been mended."

"No, no, forgive me, but for me the charm"
(Her face grew strangely solemn as she spoke it)
"Lies only in the little broken arm.
Restore my boy—you know not what you said!
I had a little son, sir, who is dead,
And I was angry with him when he broke it."

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN, M.A., D.C.L.

THE dying man now told how cruelly he had burned and plundered the land, how many thousands of every age and sex among the noble nation which he had conquered had been done to death at his bidding. The sceptre of the realm which he had won by so many crimes he dared not hand over to any but to God alone. Yet, he would not hide his wish that his son William, who had been ever dutiful to him, might reign in England after him. He would send him beyond the sea, and he would pray Lanfranc to place the crown upon his head, if the Primate, in his wisdom, deemed that such an act could be rightly done.

Of the two sons of whom he spoke, Robert was far away, a banished rebel; William was by his bedside. By his bedside, also, stood his youngest son, the English Ætheling, Henry the Clerk.

"And what dost thou give to me, my father?" said the youth.

"Five thousand pounds of silver from my hoard," was the Conqueror's answer.

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"But of what use is a hoard to me," said Henry, "if I have no place to dwell in?"

"Be patient, my son, and trust in the Lord, and let thine elders go before thee."

The King then dictated a letter to Lanfranc, setting forth his wishes with regard to the kingdom. He sealed it and gave it to his son William, and bade him, with his blessing and his last kiss, to cross at once into England. William Rufus at once set forth for Witsand, and there heard of his father's death.

Meanwhile, Henry, too, left his father's bedside to take for himself the money that was left to him, to see that nothing was lacking in its weight, to call together his comrades in whom he could trust, and to take measures for stowing the treasure in a place of safety.

And now those who stood around the dying King began to implore his mercy for the captives whom he held in prison. Among them was a long list of the noblest, both of England and of Normandy. He granted the prayer. Let the captives only swear that they would not disturb the peace of England or Normandy, and all should come forth save one alone. Odo he would not release. The man whom he had imprisoned for the common weal of his kingdom, the oppressor of the people, the plunderer of the church, the man of pride and lust and cruelty, should not be set free by him. He spoke as the father of his people, knowing that, if Odo were once more let loose to trouble the world, the ruin of thousands would follow. Yet once more the men who stood around William's bed, first among them Odo's own brother, Robert of Mortain, prayed for the pardon of his brother. They daringly pledged themselves for Odo's reformation, and William gave orders that Odo should be set free, again protesting that the death and ruin of many would follow.

The last earthly acts of the Conqueror were done. He had striven to make his peace with God and man, and to make such provision as he could for the children and the subjects whom he left behind him. And now his last hour was come. On a Thurs-

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day morning in September, 1087, when the sun had already risen upon the earth, the sound of the great bell of the metropolitan minster struck on the ears of the dying King. He asked why it sounded. He was told that it rang for prime in the Church of Our Lady. William lifted his eyes to heaven, stretched forth his hands, and spake his last words: "To my Lady Mary, the holy Mother of God, I commend myself, that by her holy prayers she may reconcile me to her dear Son our Lord Jesus Christ."

He prayed, and his soul passed away. William, King of the English and Duke of the Normans, the man whose fame has filled the world in his own and in every following age, had gone the way of all flesh. No kingdom was left him now but his seven feet of ground, and even to that his claim was not to be undisputed.

The death of a king in those days came near to a break-up of all civil society. No sooner was the breath out of William's body than the great company which had patiently watched around him during the night was scattered hither and thither. The great men mounted their horses and rode with all speed to their own homes, to guard their houses and goods against the outburst of lawlessness which was sure to break forth now that the land had no longer a ruler. Their servants and followers, seeing their lords gone, and deeming that there was no longer any fear of punishment, began to make spoil of the royal chamber. The men of Rouen were struck with fear and amazement, as though a hostile army were coming against their city. Legends like these, which set William before us as the one guardian of law and order in his dominions, are in truth the noblest tribute to his memory. Men who had perhaps cursed his rule while living, now knew what they had lost in him.

Meanwhile Archbishop William bade that the body of the King should be borne to Caen, there to be buried in the minster of Saint Stephen, which he himself had built. But how was the command to be obeyed? The King's sons and kinsfolk had gone, each man to look after his own. His servants and officers had fled away with

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spoils. Not a man of his household was ready to do the last duty to his master. At last the honest heart of a plain Norman gentleman was moved by natural piety. A rustic knight, Herlwin by name, a name which is not found in the roll-call of the despoilers of England, stood forth to do the work which princes and nobles failed to do. For the love of God and for the honor of the Norman name, he was ready to do the last corporal work of mercy to his departed sovereign. His offer was accepted, and the foremost man of all the world, forsaken by his children and servants, was borne to his last home by the voluntary loyalty of a vassal faithful to his lord in life and death.

The funeral pomp, such as could be provided at such a moment, now set forth. It was at the cost of Herlwin that men were hired to wash and tend, to anoint and to embalm the royal corpse. It was at his cost that a carriage was found to bear the corpse to the haven of Caen, where his faithful bedesmen were ready to receive him. Abbot Gilbert stood at the head of his convent, accompanied by a crowd of clergy and a smaller body of laymen. They met the bier of the great King with all reverence, and began the funeral procession toward the Abbey of Saint Stephen. As the procession was on its way, flames were seen to burst from a house, and the fire soon spread itself through a large part of the town. The crowd that followed the bier, clergy and laity alike, were soon scattered abroad to put out the flames and to save their houses and goods. The monks alone kept on their way, singing the office for the dead as they went. Thus, through a scene which might have recalled the awful days of Mortimer and of York, with the smoke of the burning town going up to heaven, the body of William was brought to the minster which he had reared without its walls.

The rites began. A crowd of Norman prelates had already made their way to Caen to do the last office to their sovereign. Of William's children one only was present, the Ætheling Henry, who by this time, we may deem, had safely secured his treasure. Robert was still an exile in France, and William was looking after his own

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interests in England. By Henry, then, his youngest and greatest son, and by the great body of the Norman prelacy, the body of William was received into his own church, to seek the last home which, even now, he was not to win without a struggle.

The procession entered the church. The bier on which all that was left of William lay was borne along the nave, between the stern arches and massive pillars which he himself had reared. They reached the choir; the stone coffin was placed upon the ground, but the body still lay on the bier before the altar. The mass of the dead was sung, and then the Bishop of Evreux mounted the pulpit to make the formal harangue over the Conqueror of England. He told the tale of William's greatness and William's conquests; how he had enlarged the bounds of the Norman duchy, and had raised his native land to a height of power and glory, beyond all the deeds of his fathers, who had gone before him. He told how William had maintained peace and righteousness in the land, how his rod had smitten down thieves and robbers, how his sword had defended the clerk, the monk, and the unarmed people. He then called on all who heard him to pray for the soul of him whose body lay before them. He bade them crave forgiveness of his sins at the hands of God, and themselves forgive anything in which William might have sinned against them.

The appeal drew forth an answer. A knight, Ascelin the son of Arthur, arose from the crowd, mounted on a stone, and spoke in the hearing of all:

"This ground where ye stand was the site of my father's house, which the man for whom ye pray, while he was yet but Count of Normandy, took away by force from my father, and, in spite of law and justice, built this church upon it by his might. I, therefore, claim the land. I challenge it as mine before all men; and in the name of God I forbid that the body of the robber be covered with my mould, or that he be buried within the bounds of mine inheritance."

He then came down, and wonder and tumult filled the church, as men heard the daring challenge. The office paused; the bishops

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and nobles asked of the men of the neighborhood who stood by, as to the truth of what Ascelin had told them. They bore witness that what he had said was true. Yet we should gladly hear what might have been said on William's side, as mere naked wrong, mere plunder, mere robbery for burnt-offering, is not in accordance with William's usual character. At such a moment the facts of the case would not be very accurately looked into. Men who had come together to make prayers and offerings for William's soul would be more ready to admit even a false charge against him, than to leave any possible sin of his unatoned for.

The Ætheling and the bishops called Ascelin to them; they spoke friendly to him, and made a bargain with him on the spot. Beneath the roof of Saint Stephen covenant was made which first made its soil the lawful property of him who had founded the church and of those to whom he had granted it. With the assent of Henry, sixty shillings were at once given to Ascelin as the purchase-money of the seven feet of ground which were to be William's own. The full price of the whole estate which he had lost was promised to him, a promise which was soon after faithfully fulfilled. Ascelin then withdrew the protest. William might now be buried in the ground which had lawfully become his own, and the funeral rites went on. A posthumous atonement was thus made for one of the sins which weighed down William's soul.

The remainder of the office was hurried over; the officiating clergy went back to their own quarters, and the course of William on earth was brought to an end. He had gone to his grave amid scenes as stormy and as wonderful as aught that had marked his course, from the day when he grasped the straw upon the floor at Falaise to the day when he received his death-wound in the burning streets of Mantes.

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THE FAIREST FLOWER.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

The Earl.

I KNOW a floweret passing fair,
And for its loss I pain me;
Fain would I hence to seek its lair,
But for these bonds that chain me.
Ah, heavy, heavy is my cheer,
For till I came a prisoner here,
That flower was ever near me.

All round the castle's beetling steep,
I let my glances wander;
But cannot from the dizzy keep
Descry it, there or yonder.
Oh, he who'd bring it to my sight,
Or were he knave, or were he knight,
Should be my friend forever!

The Rose.

I blossom bright thy lattice near,
And hear what thou hast spoken;
'Tis me—brave, ill-starred cavalier—
The rose thou wouldst betoken!
Thy spirit spurns the base, the low,
And 'tis the queen of flowers, I know,
That in thy bosom reigneth.

The Earl.

All honor thy purple cheer,
From swathes of verdure blowing;
Well may'st thou be to maidens dear
As gold or jewels glowing.

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Thy wreaths adorn the fairest face,
Yet art thou not the flower whose grace
In solitude I pine for.

The Lily.

A haughty place usurps the rose,
And haughtier still doth covet;
But where the lily meekly blows,
Some gentle eye will love it.
The heart that's warm and fond and true,
And pure as mine, when bathed in dew,
Must value me the highest.

The Earl.

Ah, pure and true of heart am I
And free from sinful failing,
Yet must I here a captive lie,
My loneliness bewailing.
I see the symbol fair in you
Of many maidens pure and true,
Yet know a something dearer.

The Carnation.

That may thy warder's garden show
In me, the bright carnation,
Else would the old man tend me so
With loving adoration?
In perfect round my petals meet,
And lifelong are with scent replete,
And with the loveliest color.

The Earl.

The sweet carnation none may slight,
It is the gardener's pleasure,
Now he unfolds it to the light,
Now shields from it his treasure.

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But no—the flower for which I pant,
No rare, no brilliant charms can vaunt,
'Tis ever meek and lowly.

The Violet.

Concealed and drooping I retreat,
Nor willingly had spoken,
But now my silence, since 'tis meet,
It shall at length be broken.
If I be that which fills thy thought,
How must I grieve, that I may not
To thee waft all my odors!

The Earl.

I love the violet, indeed,
So modest in perfection,
So gently sweet—yet more I need,
To soothe my heart's dejection.
To thee alone the truth I'll speak
Not on this rock, so bare and bleak,
Is to be found my darling.

Earl's truest wife, in yonder glen,
Is wandering by the river;
Till I, her lord, am free again,
She'll sigh and weep forever.
When a blue floweret by that spot
She plucks, and says: "Forget-me-not,"
Here in my cell I feel it.

Yes, when two hearts are twined, love's might
Is felt, whate'er the distance;
So I, within this dungeon's night,
Cling ever to existence.
And when my heart is nigh distraught,
If I but say, "Forget-me-not,"
Hope burns again within me.

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THE HAPPY BEAUTY AND THE BLIND SLAVE.

EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON.

[*Dramatized for this collection.*]

SCENE: Home of IONE. Enter SLAVE.

SLAVE. A messenger from Glaucus desires to be admitted.

[IONE *hesitates.*]

SLAVE. She is blind, that messenger; she will do her commission to none but thee.

IONE [*affected by the misfortune of the herald*]. What can he want with me? What message can he send?

[*Curtain across door is withdrawn, and* NYDIA *is led in by one of the attendants.*]

NYDIA. Will the noble Ione deign to speak, that I may know whither to steer these benighted steps, and that I may lay my offerings at her feet?

IONE [*soothingly*]. Fair child, give not thyself the pain to cross these slippery floors; my attendant will bring to me what thou hast to present.

NYDIA. I may give these flowers to none but thee. [*She approaches* IONE, *and, kneeling, offers vase.* IONE *raises her.*] I have not yet discharged my office. [*Draws* GLAUCUS'S *letter from her vest.*] This will, perhaps, explain why he who sent me chose so unworthy a messenger to Ione.

[IONE *receives letter, waves her hand for attendant to withdraw, retires a little, and reads:*]

"Glaucus to Ione sends more than he dares to utter. Is Ione ill? Thy slaves tell me 'No,' and that assurance comforts me. Has Glaucus offended Ione? Ah! that question I may not ask from *them.* For five days I have been banished from thy presence. Has the sun shone? I know it not. Has the sky smiled? It has had no smile for me. My sun and sky are Ione. Do I offend thee? Am I too bold? Do I say that on the tablet which my

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tongue has hesitated to breathe? Alas! it is in thine absence that I feel most the spells by which thou has subdued me. And absence, that deprives me of joy, brings me courage. Thou wilt not see me; thou hast banished also the common flatterers that flock around thee. Canst thou confound me with them? It is not possible! Thou knowest too well that I am not of them—that their clay is not mine. For even were I of the humblest mould, the fragrance of the rose hath penetrated me, and the spirit of thy nature hath passed within me, to embalm, to sanctify, to inspire. Have they slandered me to thee, Ione? Thou wilt not believe them. Did the Delphic oracle itself tell me thou wert unholy, I would not believe it; and am I less incredulous than thou? I think of the last time we met—of the song which I sang to thee—of the look that thou gavest me in return. Disguise it as thou wilt, Ione, there is something kindred between us, and our eyes acknowledged it, though our lips were silent. Deign to see me, to listen to me, and after that exclude me if thou wilt. I meant not to say so soon I loved. But those words rush to my heart—they will have way. Accept, then, my homage and my vows. We met first at the shrine of Pallas; shall we not meet before a softer and a more ancient altar? Beautiful! adored Ione! if my hot youth and my Athenian blood have misguided and allured me, they have but taught my wanderings to appreciate the rest, the haven they have attained. I hang up my dripping robes on the sea-god's shrine. I have escaped shipwreck. I have found *thee*. Ione, deign to see me. Thou art gentle to strangers, wilt thou be less merciful to those of thine own land? I await thy reply. Accept the flowers which I send—their sweet breath has a language more eloquent than words. They take from the sun the odors they return; they are the emblem of the love that receives and repays tenfold—the emblem of the heart that drank thy rays, and owes to thee the germ of the treasures that it proffers to thy smile. I send these by one whom thou wilt receive for her own sake, if not for mine. She, like us, is a stranger; her father's ashes lie under brighter skies. But, less happy than we, she is blind and a slave. Poor Nydia! I seek as much as possible

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to repair to her the cruelties of nature and of fate, in asking permission to place her with thee. She is gentle, quick, and docile. She is skilled in music and the song, and she is a very Chloris to the flowers. She thinks, Ione, that thou wilt love her; if thou dost not, send her back to me.

"One more word—let me be bold, Ione. Why thinkest thou so highly of yon dark Egyptian? He hath not about him the air of honest men. We Greeks learn mankind from our cradle; we are not the less profound in that we affect no sombre mien. Our lips smile, but our eyes are grave—they observe, they note, they study. Arbaces is not one to be credulously trusted. Can it be that he hath wronged me to thee? I think it, for I left him with thee; thou sawest how my presence stung him; since then thou hast not admitted me. Believe nothing that he can say to my disfavor; if thou dost, tell me so at once, for this Ione owes to Glaucus. Farewell! This letter touches thy hand; these characters meet thine eyes—shall they be more blessed than he who is their author? Once more, farewell!"

IONE [*kissing letter and placing it in her breast, turns to Nydia, who remains unmoved*]. Wilt thou sit, my child, while I write an answer to this letter?

NYDIA [*coldly*]. You will answer it, then? Well, the slave that accompanied me will take back your answer.

IONE. For you stay with me. Trust me, your service shall be light. [NYDIA *bows.*] What is your name, fair girl?

NYDIA. They call me Nydia.

IONE. Your country?

NYDIA. The land of Olympus—Thessaly.

IONE [*caressingly*]. Thou shalt be to me a friend, as thou art already half a country-woman. Meanwhile, I beseech thee, stand not on these cold and glassy marbles. There! now that thou art seated, I can leave thee for an instant.

[IONE *soon returns, bearing a letter. Reads:*]

"Ione to Glaucus, greeting: Come to me, Glaucus,—come to me to-morrow. I may have been unjust to thee, but I will tell thee,

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at least, the fault that has been imputed to thy charge. Fear not, henceforth, the Egyptian—fear none. Thou sayest thou hast expressed too much—alas! in these hasty words I have already done so. Farewell!"

NYDIA [*starting from her seat as* IONE *approaches*]. You have written to Glaucus?

IONE. I have.

NYDIA. And will he thank the messenger who gives him thy letter? [IONE *is silent and blushing.*] I mean this: The lightest word of coldness from thee will sadden him, the lightest kindness will rejoice. If it be the first, let the slave take back thine answer; if it be the last, let me—I will return this evening.

IONE [*evasively*]. And why, Nydia, wouldst thou be the bearer of my letter?

NYDIA. It is so, then! Ah! how could it be otherwise; who could be unkind to Glaucus?

IONE. My child, thou speakest warmly. Glaucus, then, is amiable in thine eyes?

NYDIA [*with sad dignity*]. Noble Ione! Glaucus hath been that to me which neither fortune nor the gods have been—a *friend.*

IONE [*kissing her*]. Thou art grateful, and deservedly so; why should I blush to say that Glaucus is worthy of thy gratitude? Go, my Nydia; take to him thyself this letter—but return again. If I am from home when thou returnest—as this evening, perhaps, I shall be—thy chamber shall be prepared next my own. Nydia, I have no sister—wilt thou be one to me?

NYDIA [*kissing her hand, says with embarrassment*]. One favor, fair Ione—may I dare to ask it?

IONE. Thou canst not ask what I will not grant.

NYDIA. They tell me that thou art beautiful beyond the loveliness of earth. Alas! I cannot see that which gladdens the world! Wilt thou suffer me, then, to pass my hand over thy face? That is my sole criterion of beauty, and I usually guess aright. [*Without waiting for a reply she passes her hand slowly and gently over the bent and half-averted features, touching hair, brow, lip, chin, and*

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throat.] I know, now, that thou art beautiful, and I can picture thee to my darkness henceforth and forever! [*Exit* NYDIA.]

[IONE *draws forth* GLAUCUS'S *loved confession, kisses it, and regards it tenderly in a deep and delicious reverie.*]

THE STAGE HERO.

JEROME K. JEROME.

HIS name is George, generally speaking: "Call me George!" he says to the heroine. She calls him George (in a very low voice, because she is so young and timid). Then he is happy.

The stage hero never has any work to do. He is always hanging about, and getting into trouble. His chief aim in life is to be accused of crimes he has never committed, and if he can muddle things up with a corpse, in some complicated way, so as to get himself reasonably mistaken for the murderer, he feels his day has not been wasted.

The stage hero is always entitled to "estates," chiefly remarkable for their high state of cultivation and for the eccentric ground plan of the "manor house" upon them. The house is never more than one story high, but it makes up in green stuff over the porch what it lacks in size and convenience. The chief drawback in connection with it, to our eyes, is that all the inhabitants of the neighboring village appear to live in the front garden; but the hero evidently thinks it rather nice of them, as it enables him to make speeches to them from the front doorstep—his favorite recreation.

These "estates" are a great anxiety to the stage hero. He is not what you would call a business man, as far as we can judge, and his attempts to manage his own property invariably land him in ruin and distraction. His "estates," however, always get taken away from him by the villain before the first act is over, and this saves him all further trouble with regard to them, until the end of the play, when he gets saddled with them once more.

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The stage hero is a very powerful man. You wouldn't think it to look at him, but you wait till the heroine cries, "Help! Oh, George, save me!" or the police attempt to run him in. Then two villains, three extra hired ruffians, and four detectives are about his fighting weight. If he knocks down less than three men with one blow, he fears that he must be ill, and wonders, "Why this strange weakness."

The hero has his own way of making love. He always does it from behind. The girl turns away from him when he begins (she being, as we have said, shy and timid), and he takes hold of her hands, and breathes his attachment down her back.

The stage hero always wears patent-leather boots, and they are always spotlessly clean. Sometimes he is rich, and lives in a room with seven doors to it, and at other times he is starving in a garret; but in either event, he still wears brand-new patent-leather boots. He might raise at least three and sixpence on those boots, and, when the baby is crying for food, it occurs to us that it would be better if, instead of praying to heaven, he took off those boots and pawned them; but this does not seem to occur to him. He crosses the African desert in patent-leather boots, does the stage hero. He takes a supply with him when he is wrecked on an uninhabited island. He arrives from long and trying journeys; his clothes are ragged and torn, but his boots are new and shiny. He puts on patent-leather boots to tramp through the Australian bush, to fight in Egypt, to discover the North Pole. Sometimes he is a gold-digger, sometimes a dock laborer, sometimes a soldier, sometimes a sailor, but, whatever he is, he wears patent-leather boots. He goes boating in patent-leather boots, he plays cricket in them; he goes fishing and shooting in them. He will go to heaven in patent-leather boots, or he will decline the invitation.

The stage hero never talks in a simple, straightforward way, like a mere ordinary mortal.

"You will write to me, when you are away, dear, won't you?" says the heroine

A mere human being would reply:

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"Why, of course I shall, Ducky, every day."

But the stage hero is a superior creature. He says:

"Dost see yonder star, sweet?"

She looks up, and owns that she does see yonder star; and then off he starts and drivels on about that star for full five minutes, and says he will cease to write to her when that pale star has fallen from its place amid the firmament of heaven.

The result of a long course of acquaintanceship with stage heroes has been, so far as we are concerned, to create a yearning for a new kind of stage hero. What we would like, for a change, would be a man who wouldn't cackle and brag quite so much, but who was capable of taking care of himself for a day without getting into trouble.

MOSES AND THE ANGEL.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

'TIS written in the chapter "of the Cave,"
An Angel of the Lord, a minister,
Had errands upon earth; and Moses said:
"Grant me to wend with thee, that I may learn
God's ways with men." The angel answering said,
"Thou canst not bear with me; thou wilt not have
Knowledge to judge; yet, if thou followest me,
Question me not, whatever I shall do,
Until I tell thee."

Then they found a ship
On the sea-shore, wherefrom the Angel struck
Her boards and brake them. Moses said, "Wilt drown
The mariners? This is a strange thing wrought."
"Did I not say thou couldst not bear with me?"
The Angel answered: "Be thou silent now!"

Yet farther, and they met an Arab boy.
Upon his eyes with mouth invisible,

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The Angel breathed; and all his warm blood froze.
And, with a moan, he sank to earth and died.
Then Moses said, "Slayest thou the innocent
Who did no wrong? This is a hard thing seen!"
"Did I not tell thee," said the Minister,
"Thou wouldst not bear with me? Question me not!"

Then came they to a village, where there stood
A lowly hut; the garden-fence thereof
Toppled to fall. The Angel thrust it down,
A ruin of gray stones, and lime, and tiles,
Crushing the lentils, melons, saffron, beans,
The little harvest of the cottage folk.
"What hire," asked Moses," hadst thou for this deed,
Seeming so evil?"
Then the Angel said:
"This is the parting betwixt me and thee.
Yet will I first make manifest the things
Thou couldst not bear, not knowing; that my Lord—
'Exalted above all reproach'—be praised.
The ship I broke serveth poor fisherfolk
Whose livelihood was lost, because there came
A king that way seizing all boats found whole;
Now have they peace. Touching the Arab boy:
In two moons he had slain his mother's son,
Being perverse; but now his brother lives,
Whose life unto his tribe was more; and he
Dieth blood-guiltless. For the garden wall:
Two goodly youths dwell there, offspring of one
That loved his Lord, and underneath the stones
The father hid a treasure, which is theirs.
This shall they find, building their ruin up,
And joy will come upon their house! But thou,
Journey no more with me, because I do
Naught of myself, but all by Allah's will."

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AN ALMS.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF TOURGENIEFF.

ALONG the broad high-road in the neighborhood of a great city, walked a sick old man. His gait was tottering, his emaciated feet moved along heavily with uncertain step, stumbled and shuffled, as though they did not belong to him; his clothes hung down in rags; his uncovered head was sunken on his breast. His strength was exhausted.

He sat down upon a road-stone, leaned forward, rested his elbows upon his knees, and covered his face with both hands. Tears fell through the crooked hands upon the dry gray dust. Past events floated through his mind.

He remembered how once upon a time he had been strong and rich, how he had lost his health and given away his wealth to friends and foes. Ah! and now he had not even a crust of bread. They had all deserted him—the friends almost before the enemies. Shall he stoop to beg for alms? Bitter shame fills his heart at the thought. And his tears flowed and flowed, painting gay pictures in the dust.

Suddenly he became aware that some one called him by name. He raised his weary head and saw an unknown man standing before him. His countenance was peaceful and dignified, but not stern; his eyes appeared more clear than brilliant; his glance was penetrating but not severe.

"You have distributed all your riches?" began the unknown one, in a quiet tone. "Do you not regret having exercised beneficence?"

"I do not regret it," replied the old man, with a sigh. "Now, indeed, I must die of hunger."

"But if there had been no beggars who stretched out their hands to you," continued the unknown one, "then you would have had no opportunity to prove your charitable inclinations?"

The old man made no response, but he became thoughtful.

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"Well, then, be you not haughty now, poor old man," again spoke the unknown one. "Look up, reach out your hand, and give other good people the opportunity of expressing their goodness of heart through deeds."

The old man started and raised his eyes, but the unknown one had already vanished. Along the road in the distance some one was approaching. The old man advanced toward the wanderer, and held out his hand. But this one turned coldly away, and gave him nothing. But behind him came a second traveler, and this one handed him a small alms. And the old man bought bread with the offered farthings, and the begged morsels tasted sweet in him, and there was no more shame left in his heart; on the contrary, a quiet joy entered into his soul.

GUITARE.

VICTOR HUGO.

'TWAS Gastibelza, ranger bold, and thus it was he sung:
"Oh, who doth here Sabina know, ye villagers among?
Dance on the while! On Mount Falòn die the last streaks of day.
The wind that thwarts the mountain comes will witch my wits away.

"Doth any my señora know, Sabina, bright and brown?
Her mother was the gypsy old of Antequera's town:
Who shrieked at night in the great tow'r like to the owlet gray.
The wind that thwarts the mountain comes will witch my wits away.

"Dance on! the goods the hour bestows were meant for us to use;
Oh, she was fair; her bright black eye made lover's fancy muse.
Now to this graybeard with his child give ye an alms, I pray!
The wind that thwarts the mountain comes will witch my wits away.

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"The queen beside her had been plain, when, on the bridge at eve,
At fair Toledo, you beheld her lovely bosom heave
'Neath bodice black, and chaplet old upon her neck that lay.
The wind that thwarts the mountain comes will witch my wits away.

"The king unto his nephew said, beholding her so fair,
'But for a kiss, a smile of her, but for a lock of hair;
Trust me, Don Ruy, I'd give broad Spain, I'd give Peru's rich sway!'
The wind that thwarts the mountain comes will witch my wits away.

"I know not if I loved the maid, but this I know I own,
That for one look from out her soul right gladly had I gone
'Neath bolt and chain to work the oar, for ten long years to stay;
The wind that thwarts the mountain comes will witch my wits away.

"One summer's day, one sunny day, she with her sister came,
To sport her in the rivulet, that bright and beauteous dame!
I saw her young companion's foot, I saw *her* knee, o'fay—
The wind that thwarts the mountain comes will witch my wits away.

"When, simple shepherd, I beheld that fresh and fair damsel,
Methought 'twas Cleopatra's self, who led—as legends tell,—
Captive the Cæsar of Almaine, that might not say her nay;
The wind that thwarts the mountain comes will witch my wits away.

"Dance, villagers, the night draws down! Sabina—woe the hour!
Did sell her love, did sell her all, sold heart and beauty's dower,
For Count Saldaña's ring of gold, all for a trinket gay.
The wind that thwarts the mountain comes will witch my wits away.

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"Now let me lean on this old seat, for I am tired perdy.
I tell you with this count she fled, beyond the reach of me.
They went by the Cerdaña road, whither, I cannot say.
The wind that thwarts the mountain comes will witch my wits away.

"I saw her pass my dwelling by, 'twas my last look for aye!
And now I go grieving and low, and dreaming all the day;
My sword's hung up, my heart's afar over yon hills astray.
The wind that thwarts the mountain comes hath witched my wits away."

THE TALENTED MAN.

WINTHROP M. PRAED.

[*A letter from a lady in London to a lady at Lausanne.*]

DEAR Alice! you'll laugh when you know it,
Last week, at the Duchess's ball,
I danced with the clever new poet,—
You've heard of him—Tully St. Paul.
Miss Jonquil was perfectly frantic;
I wish you had seen Lady Anne!
It really was very romantic,
He *is* such a talented man!

He came up from Brazenose College,
Just caught, as they call it, this spring;
And his head, love, is stuffed full of knowledge
Of every conceivable thing.
Of science and logic he chatters,
As fine and as fast as he can;
Though I am no judge of such matters,
I'm sure he's a talented man.

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His stories and jests are delightful;
Not stories or jests, dear, for you;
The jests are exceedingly spiteful,
The stories not always quite true.
Perhaps to be kind and veracious
May do pretty well at Lausanne;
But it never would answer—good gracious!
Chez nous—in a talented man.

He sneers,—how my Alice would scold him!
At the bliss of a sigh or a tear;
He laughed—only think!—when I told him
How we cried o'er Trevelyan last year;
I vow I was quite in a passion;
I broke all the sticks of my fan;
But sentiment's quite out of fashion,
It seems, in a talented man.

Lady Bab, who is terribly moral,
Has told me that Tully is vain,
And apt—which is silly—to quarrel,
And fond—which is sad—of champagne.
I listened and doubted, dear Alice,
For I saw, when my Lady began,
It was only the Dowager's malice;
She does hate a talented man!

He's hideous, I own it. But fame, love,
Is all that these eyes can adore;
He's lame—but Lord Byron was lame, love—
And dumpy—but so is Tom Moore.
Then his voice—*such* a voice, my sweet creature—
It's like your Aunt Lucy's toucan;
But oh! what's a tone or a feature,
When one is a talented man!

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My mother, you know, all the season,
  Has talked of Sir Geoffrey's estate;
And truly, to do the fool reason,
  He has been less horrid of late.
But to-day, when we drive in the carriage,
  I'll tell her to lay down her plan;
If ever I venture on marriage,
  It must be a talented man.

P. S.—I have found on reflection,
  One fault in my friend—*entre nous;*
Without it, he'd just be perfection,
  Poor fellow, he has not a sou!
And so when he comes in September
  To shoot with my uncle, Sir Dan,
I've promised mamma to remember
  He's *only* a talented man!

THE ORPHAN MAID.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

NOVEMBER'S hail-cloud drifts away, November's sunbeam wan
Looks coldly on the castle gray, when forth comes Lady Ann.

The orphan by the oak was set, her arms, her feet were bare,
The hail-drops had not melted yet amid her raven hair.

"And, dame," she said, "by all the ties that child and mother know,
Aid one who never knew those joys—relieve an orphan's woe."

The lady said: "An orphan's state is hard and sad to bear;
Yet worse the widowed mother's fate, who mourns both lord and heir.

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"Twelve times the rolling year has sped since, when from vengeance wild
Of fierce Strathallan's chief, I fled, Forth's eddies whelmed my child."

"Twelve times the year its course has borne," the wandering maid replied,
"Since fishers on St. Bridget's morn drew nets on Campsie side.

"St. Bridget sent no scaly spoil; an infant, wellnigh dead,
They saved and reared, in want and toil, to beg from you her bread."

That orphan maid the lady kissed: "My husband's looks you bear;
St. Bridget and the morn be blessed! You are his widow's heir."

They've robed that maid so poor and pale, in silk and sandals rare;
And pearls, for drops of frozen hail, are glistening in her hair.

THE DEATH OF ELIZABETH.

JOHN RICHARD GREEN, M.A.

THE triumph of Montjoy, successor to the young Earl of Essex, flung its lustre over the last days of Elizabeth, but no outer triumph could break the gloom which gathered round the dying Queen. Lonely as she had always been, her loneliness deepened as she drew toward the grave. The statesmen and warriors of her earlier days had dropped, one by one, from her council-board. Leicester had died in the year of the Armada; two years later Walsingham followed him to the grave; in 1598 Burleigh himself passed away. Their successors were watching her last moments, and intriguing for favor in the coming reign. Her favorite, Lord Essex, not only courted favor with James of Scotland, but brought him to suspect Robert Cecil, who had succeeded his father at the Queen's council-board, of designs against his succession.

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The rivalry between the two ministers hurried Essex into fatal projects, which led to his failure in Ireland and to an insane outbreak of revolt which brought him, in 1601, to the block. But Cecil had no sooner proved the victor in this struggle at court than he himself entered into a secret correspondence with the King of Scots. His action was wise. It brought James again into friendly relations with the Queen, and paved the way for a peaceful transfer of the crown.

But, hidden as this correspondence was from Elizabeth, the suspicion of it only added to her distrust. The troubles of the war in Ireland brought fresh cares to the aged Queen. It drained her treasury. The old splendor of her court waned and disappeared. Only officials remained about her, "the other of the council and nobility estrange themselves by all occasions." The love and reverence of the people itself lessened as they felt the pressure and taxation of the war.

"In the year 1588," a bishop tells us, who was then a country boy fresh come to town, "I did live at the upper end of the Strand near St. Clement's church, when suddenly there came a report to us (it was in December, much about five of the clock at night, very dark) that the Queen was gone to council, 'and if you will see the Queen you must come quickly.' Then we all ran, when the court gates were set open, and no man did hinder us from coming in. There we came, where there was a far greater company than was usually at Lenten sermons; and when we had staid there an hour and that the yard was full, there being a number of torches, the Queen came out in a great state. Then we cried, 'God save your Majesty! God save your Majesty!' Then the Queen turned to us and said, 'God bless you all, my good people!' Then we cried again, 'God bless your Majesty! God bless your Majesty.' Then the Queen said again to us: 'You may well have a greater prince, but you shall never have a more loving prince.' And so looking one upon another awhile the Queen departed. This wrought such an impression on us, for shows and pageantry are ever best seen by torchlight, that all the way long we did nothing

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but talk what an admirable Queen she was, and how we would adventure our lives to do her service."

But now, as Elizabeth passed along in her progresses, the people whose applause she courted remained cold and silent. The temper of the age, in fact, was changing, and isolating her as it changed. Her own England, the England which had grown up around her, serious, moral, prosaic, shrank coldly from this brilliant, fanciful, unscrupulous child of earth and the Renaissance.

But if ministers and courtiers were counting on her death, Elizabeth had no mind to die. She had enjoyed life as the men of her day enjoyed it, and now that they were gone she clung to it with a fierce tenacity. She hunted, she danced, she jested with her young favorites, she coquetted and scolded and frolicked at sixty-seven as she had done at thirty. "The Queen," wrote a courtier a few months before her death, "was never so gallant these many years nor so set upon jollity." She persisted, in spite of opposition, in her gorgeous progresses from country-house to country-house. She clung to business as of old, and rated in her usual fashion "one who minded not to giving up some matter of account."

But death crept on. Her face became haggard, and her frame shrank almost to a skeleton. At last her taste for finery disappeared, and she refused to change her dresses for a week together. A strange melancholy settled down on her. "She held in her hand," says one who saw her in her last days, "a golden cup, which she often put to her lips; but in truth her heart seemed too full to need more filling." Gradually her mind gave way. She lost her memory; the violence of her temper became unbearable; her very courage seemed to forsake her. She called for a sword to lie constantly beside her, and thrust it from time to time through the arras, as if she heard murderers stirring there. Food and rest became alike distasteful. She sat day and night propped up with pillows on a stool, her finger on her lip, her eyes fixed on the floor, without a word. If she once broke the silence, it was with a flash of her old queenliness. When Robert Cecil declared that she "must" go to bed, the word roused her like a trumpet.

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"Must!" she exclaimed. "Is 'must' a word to be addressed to princes? Little man, little man! thy father, if he had been alive, durst not have used that word." Then, as her anger spent itself, she sank into her old dejection. "Thou art so presumptuous," she said, "because thou knowest I shall die."

She rallied once more when the ministers beside her bed named Lord Beauchamp, the heir to the Suffolk claim, as a possible successor. "I will have no rogue's son," she cried hoarsely, "in my seat." But she gave no sign, save a motion of the head, at the mention of the King of Scots. She was, in fact, fast becoming insensible; and early the next morning, on the 24th of March, 1603, the life of Elizabeth, a life so great, so strange and lonely in its greatness, ebbed quietly away.

NINE GRAVES IN EDINBRO.

IRWIN RUSSELL.

IN the church-yard, up in the old high town,
The sexton stood at his daily toil,
And he lifted his mattock and drove it down,
And sunk it deep in the sacred soil.

And then as he delved he sang right lustily;
Aye, as he deepened and shaped the graves
In the black old mold that smelled so mustily,
And thus was the way of the sexton's staves:

"It's nine o' the clock, and I have begun
The settled task that is daily mine;
By ten o' the clock I will finish one—
By six o' the clock there must be nine.

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"Just three for women, and three for men;
And, to fill the number, another three
For daughters of women and sons of men
Who men or women shall never be.

"And the first of the graves in a row of three
Is his or hers who shall first appear;
All lie in the order they come to me,
And such has been ever the custom here."

The first they brought was a fair young child,
And they saw him buried and went their way;
And the sexton leaned on his spade and smiled,
And wondered, "How many more to-day?"

The next was a man; then a woman came—
The sexton had loved her in years gone by;
But the years had gone, and the dead old dame
He buried as deep as his memory.

And six o' the clock his task was done;
Eight graves were closed and the ninth prepared—
Made ready to welcome a man—what one
'Twas little the grim old sexton cared.

He sat him down on its brink to rest,
When the clouds were red and the sky was gray;
And said to himself: "This last is the best
And deepest of all I have digged to-day.

"Who will fill it, I wonder, and when?
It does not matter, whoe'er they be;
The best and the worst of the race of men
Are all alike when they come to me."

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They went to him with a man, next day,
When the sky was gray and the clouds were red,
As the sun set forth on his upward way;
They went—and they found the sexton dead.

Dead, by the open grave was he;
And they buried him in it that self-same day,
And marvelled much such a thing should be;
And since, the people will often say:
If ye dig, no matter when,
Graves to bury other men,
Think—it never can be known
When you'll chance to dig your own.
Mind ye of the tale ye know—
Nine graves in Edinbro.

—*Century Magazine.*

STORY OF FIFTY-TWO PRAYER-MEETINGS.

"TO be sure," said I to myself, one year ago the last week in December, "to be sure, this is the evening of our church prayer-meeting, but as I have not been much this year, it is scarcely worth while to begin now. I'll just wait until next week and then begin the year right and go all the time."

Well, it so happened that the first evening of the year fell upon the evening of the regular prayer-meeting, and there was none. Of course, though I wanted to go I couldn't.

The next week my neighbor and particular friend, Mrs. Lamb, gave a party. Now, Mrs. Lamb is a member of our church, and most undeniably did wrong; but then she is a very dear friend of mine, and I can go to prayer-meetings every week of the year, but it is not every week that I can accept an invitation from Mrs. Lamb. Therefore, sorry as I was, I felt that I must go to the party.

The next week Miss Kellogg was here. Now, I work pretty hard, and am fond of music, and I need some entertainment, and I

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really felt it my duty to go there, for Miss Kellogg do
every week. You see I was, at least, excusable.

The next week it snowed; the next, it rained; the r
terribly cold; and the next, it was warm and thawing,
underfoot.

The next week Gough lectured, and as I can go to pr
ing every week, I thought I might just for once go an
Gough.

The next week I had a headache; the next, a dressm
the next, which was the twelfth, a very hard cold. S
could not go to any, the first quarter.

The following week it was very dark and I had no
The fourteenth, I was going, but just as I was about
heard that our beloved pastor was away, and that Deaco
would lead the meeting. Now, I don't like Deacon Qui
was so unkind as to say, upon one occasion, that he bel
if I would make an effort I might get out to prayer-m
if I were not always making an effort! He had better
that "charity covereth a multitude of sins." I am
obliged to be absent from prayer-meeting, but I do not
my neighbors.

The next week I will confess I forgot all about it u
too late; and the next, unfortunately there was a wedd
of the other churches, to which I received an admission c
could go to prayer-meetings every week, and particula
bride's dress was said to be very elegant—the train at least
long—I just thought I would go.

The next week I was too tired, and then, the week af
too warm to wear a hood and my new hat was not trimm

For the next three months I was out of town, and th
weeks after my return I was altogether too tired.
Wednesday, which was the thirty-fourth, was a happy d
Nothing interfered with my regular and established pl
went to prayer-meeting. How pleasant it was! I really t
Lamb ought to make an effort to go; I mean to speak to h

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The thirty-eighth was exceedingly warm, and the thirty-ninth was the only evening in the week when my regular dressmaker could fit my dress.

The next week I stayed at home to write to my dear mother. I went riding the night before, and had an invitation to the theatre the next night, so was obliged to take this night for a letter, though I was sorry.

The following week I was obliged to stay at home and finish a tatting tidy that I was making for the orphans' fair—surely the orphans must not be neglected; and the next week I was at the fair. The next three weeks I was suffering from a severe cold contracted at the fair.

The forty-sixth, I was rather obliged to go to another party, though I am principled against such things generally. But if people will give parties on such nights, what can a person do?

The forty-seventh most unluckily occurred on the evening of my birthday. I could not help that, of course, and a person's birthday only comes once in a year, and you can go to prayer-meeting any time. So I thought it only right to be social, and invited a few particular friends. One gets dropped out of society very soon if she does not return her invitations, and I have often heard our minister say that our social duties are quite as binding as our religious ones, or something to that effect.

The three following weeks I was just as busy as I could be, for we had decided to have a Christmas tree and I was getting ready for it. I fully resolved to go after Christmas. Well, the last week of the year had come. I was tired and blue, and did not feel like going out, and it did seem to me I had better wait for the New Year again and then go all the time.

But you see I really intended to do so this year, and Mrs. Lamb said that she heard our minister say that God would give us credit for our really good intentions, and that is a comfort I am sure, and much more charitable and sensible than that really profane remark, which I have heard vulgar people quote from some old-fashioned fellow, that, "The way to hell is paved with good intentions."

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IN A GARDEN.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

PALE in the pallid moonlight, white as the rose on her breast,
She stood in the fair rose-garden with her shy young love confessed.

The roses climbed to kiss her, the violets, purple and sweet,
Breathed their despair in the fragrance that bathed her beautiful feet.

She stood there, stately and slender, gold hair on her shoulders shed,
Clothed all in white, like the visions when the living behold the dead.

There, with her lover beside her, with life and love she thrilled—
What mattered the world's wide sorrow to her with her joy fulfilled?

Next year, in the fair rose-garden, he waited, alone and dumb,
If perchance from the silent country the soul of the dead would come,

To comfort the living and loving with the ghost of a lost delight,
And thrill into quivering welcome the desolate, brooding night.

Till softly a wind from the distance began to blow and blow;
The moon bent nearer and nearer, and, solemn and sweet and slow,

Came a wonderful rapture of music that turned to her voice, at last;
Then a cold, soft touch on his forehead like a breath of the wind that passed,—

Like the breath of the wind she touched him, thin was her voice and cold;
And something that seemed like a shadow slipped through his feverish hold;

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But the voice had said, "I love you, with my first love and my last"—
Then again that wonderful music, and he knew that her soul had passed.

HERR SLOSSENN BOSCHEN'S SONG.

JEROME K. JEROME.

WE were a fashionable and highly cultured party. We had on our best clothes, and we talked pretty, and were very happy—all except two young fellows, students, just returned from Germany, commonplace young men, who seemed restless and uncomfortable, as if they found the proceedings slow. The truth was, we were too clever for them. Our brilliant but polished conversation and our high-class tastes were beyond them. They were out of place among us. They never ought to have been there at all. Everybody agreed upon that later on.

We played morceaux from the old German masters. We discussed philosophy and ethics. We flirted with graceful dignity. We were even humorous—in a high-class way. Somebody recited a French poem after supper, and we said it was beautiful: and then a lady sang a sentimental ballad in Spanish, and it made one or two of us weep—it was so pathetic. And then these two young men got up, and asked us if we had ever heard Herr Slossenn Boschen (who had just arrived and was then down in the supper-room) sing his great German comic song. None of us had heard it that we could remember.

The young men said it was the funniest song that had ever been written, and that, if we liked, they would get Herr Slossenn Boschen, whom they knew very well, to sing it. They said it was so funny that, when Herr Slossenn Boschen had sung it once before the German Emperor, he (the German Emperor) had had to be carried off to bed. They said nobody could sing it like Herr Slos-

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senn Boschen; he was so intensely serious all through it that you might fancy he was reciting a tragedy, and that, of course, made it all the funnier. They said he never once suggested by his tone or manner that he was singing anything funny—that would spoil it. It was his air of seriousness, almost of pathos, that made it so irresistibly amusing.

We said we yearned to hear it; that we wanted a good laugh; and they went downstairs, and fetched Herr Slossenn Boschen.

He appeared to be quite pleased to sing it, for he came up at once, and sat down to the piano without a word.

"Oh, it will amuse you! You will laugh," whispered the two young men, as they passed through the room and took up an unobtrusive position behind the Professor's back.

Herr Slossenn Boschen accompanied himself. The prelude did not suggest a comic song exactly. It was a weird, soulful air. It quite made one's flesh creep; but we murmured to one another that it was the German method, and prepared to enjoy it.

I don't understand German myself. I learned it at school, but forgot every word of it two years after I had left, and have felt much better ever since. Still I did not want the people there to guess my ignorance; so I hit upon what I thought to be rather a good idea. I kept my eye on the two young students, and followed them. When they tittered, I tittered; when they roared, I roared; and I also threw in a little snigger all by myself now and then, as if I had seen a bit of humor that had escaped the others. I considered this particularly artful on my part. I noticed, as the song progressed, that a good many other people seemed to have their eyes fixed on the two young men. These other people also tittered when the young men tittered, and roared when the young men roared; and, as the two young men tittered and roared and exploded with laughter pretty continuously all through the song, it went exceedingly well.

And yet that German Professor did not seem happy. At first when we began to laugh, the expression of his face was one of intense surprise, as if laughter were the very last thing he had ex-

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pected to be greeted with. We thought this very funny; we said his earnest manner was half the humor. The slightest hint on his part that he knew how funny he was would have completely ruined it all. As we continued to laugh, his surprise gave way to an air of annoyance and indignation, and he scowled fiercely round upon us all (except upon the two young men, who, being behind him, he could not see). That sent us into convulsions. We told each other it would be the death of us, this thing. The words alone, we said, were enough, to send us into fits, but added to his mock seriousness—oh, it was too much! In the last verse, he surpassed himself. He glowered round upon us with a look of such concentrated ferocity that, but for our being forewarned as to the German method of comic singing, we should have been nervous, and he threw such a wailing note of agony into the weird music that, if we had not known it was such a funny song, we might have wept.

He finished amid a perfect shriek of laughter. We said it was the funniest thing we had ever heard in all our lives. We said how strange it was that, in the face of things like these, there should be a popular notion that the Germans hadn't any sense of humor. And we asked the Professor why he didn't translate the song into English, so that the common people could understand it, and hear what a real comic song was like.

Then Herr Slossenn Boschen got up and went on awful. He swore at us in German (which I should judge to be a singularly effective language for that purpose), and he danced, and shook his fists, and called us all the English he knew. He said he had never been so insulted in all his life.

It appeared that the song was not a comic song at all. It was about a young girl who lived in the Hartz Mountains, and who had given up her life to save her lover's soul, and he died, and met her spirit in the air; and then, in the last verse, he jilted her spirit, and went on with another spirit—I'm not quite sure of the details, but it was something very sad, I know. Herr Boschen said he had sung it once before the German Emperor, and he (the German Emperor) had sobbed like a little child. He (Herr Boschen) said

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it was generally acknowledged to be one of the most tragic and pathetic songs in the German language.

It was a trying situation for us—very trying. There seemed to be no answer. We looked around for the two young men who had done this thing; but they had left the house in an an unostentatious manner immediately after the end of the song.

That was the end of that party. I never saw a party break up so quietly, and with so little fuss. We never said good-night even to one another. We came downstairs one at a time, walking softly, and keeping the shady side. We asked the servant for our hats and coats in whispers, and opened the door for ourselves, and slipped out, and got round the corner quickly, avoiding each other as much as possible.

I have never taken much interest in German songs since then.

THE FLOWER'S NAME.

ROBERT BROWNING.

HERE'S the garden she walked across,
Arm in my arm, such a short while since.
Hark, now I push its wicket, the moss
Hinders the hinges and makes them wince!
She must have reached this shrub ere she turned,
As back with that murmur the wicket swung;
For she laid the poor snail my chance foot spurned,
To feed and forget it the leaves among.

Down this side of the gravel-walk
She went while her robe's edge brushed the box;
And here she paused in her gracious talk
To point me a moth on the milk-white phlox.
Roses, ranged in a valiant row,
I will never think that she passed you by!
She loves you, noble roses, I know;
But yonder, see where the rock-plants lie!

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This flower she stopped at, finger on lip,
  Stooped over in doubt, as settling its claim,
Till she gave me, with pride to make no slip,
  Its soft meandering Spanish name.
What a name! Was it love or praise?
  Speech half-asleep or song half-awake?
I must learn Spanish, one of these days,
  Only for that slow sweet name's sake.

Roses, if I live and do well,
  I may bring her, one of these days,
To fix you fast with as fine a spell;
  Fit you each with his Spanish phrase.
But do not detain me now; for she lingers
  There like sunshine over the ground,
And ever I see her soft white fingers
  Searching after the bud she found.

Flower, you Spaniard, look that you grow not,
  Stay as you are and be loved forever!
Bud, if I kiss you 'tis that you blow not,
  Mind, the shut pink mouth opens never!
For while it pouts, her fingers wrestle,
  Twinkling the audacious leaves between,
Till round they turn and down they nestle—
  Is not the dear mask still to be seen?

Where I find her not, beauties vanish;
  Whither I follow her, beauties flee;
Is there no method to tell her in Spanish
  June's twice June since she breathed it with me?
Come, bud, show me the least of her traces,
  Treasure my lady's lightest footfall!
Ah! you may flout and turn up your faces—
  Roses, you are not so fair after all!

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THE PARIAH.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

HEAR me, Brahma, bending lowly!
All from Thee derive their being;
Therefore, art Thou just and holy!
Is it, Lord, of Thy decreeing
That the Brahmins, high-estated,
Only should Thy bounty gather,
Only dare to call Thee, Father,
When us, too, Thou hast created?

We are noble, Lord, in nothing!
Woe and want and labor pain us;
What all others shun with loathing
Is the food that must sustain us.
When the scorn of caste is loudest,
All we'd bear without repining
Were Thy face toward us shining,
For Thou canst rebuke the proudest.

Therefore, Lord, hear my entreaty!
Raise me from this foul defilement,
Or a Saviour send, in pity,
For the work of reconcilement.
Didst Thou not a Bayaderé
Lift from wretchedness to glory?
Yea, we Pariahs have a story,
Giving comfort to the weary.

The Pariah's Legend.

Water from the sacred Ganges,
To bring water from the river,
Goes the noble Brahmin's wife.
She was chaste, and pure, and lovely,

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High, immaculate, and honored·
And of sternest justice he.
Daily from the sacred river
Does she fetch the pleasant water.
Not in pitcher nor in vessel,
For she hath no need of these.
Rises of itself the water,
Rolled into a ball of crystal,
To the stainless heart and hand,
(Such the power of perfect virtue,
Innocence without a shadow)
And she bears it to her home.

This day comes she in the morning
Praying, to the flood of Ganges,
Bending lightly o'er the stream;
There she sees, as in a mirror,
From the heaven above reflected,
Floating in the liquid ether,
Such a glorious apparition!
Image of a youth created
By the thought of the Almighty,
As a form of perfect beauty.
On the wondrous vision gazing,
Feels she straight a new sensation
Thrills throughout her inmost being.
Fascinated still she lingers,
Lingers with a secret longing;
Wishes it would pass, but ever
Floats the image back again.
In amazement, in confusion,
Stoops she to the flowing Ganges,
Trying, with her trembling fingers,
From the stream a ball to fashion.
But alas, the spell is broken!

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For the holy water shuns her,
Seems to shrink as she approaches,
Whirling swiftly from her hands.

Nerveless drop her arms—she totters;
Scarce her fainting limbs can bear her;
Scarce she knows the pathway homeward,
Shall she fly, or shall she tarry?
Thought forsakes her; help and counsel
Are to her that day denied.

So she comes before her husband.
And he looks—his look is judgment!
Silently the sword he seizes,
Leads her to the hill of terrors,
Where the sinners meet their doom.
How can she, the wife, resist him?
What extenuation offer,
Guilty, knowing not her crime?

With the bloody sword yet dripping,
Homeward to his silent dwelling
Went the inexorable man.
Then his son came forth to meet him:
"Whose that blood, O father, father?
Fresh as from the wound 'tis running.
Mother, mother! Oh, come hither!
Unjust was my father never;
What is this that he hath done?"

"Boy, be silent! hers the blood is!"
"Whose?" "Be silent!" "O my mother!
Is this, then, my mother's blood?
What's her crime? I will be answered!
Say, what evil hath she done?
Here—the sword! Lo, now I grasp it!

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Thou might'st slay thy wife unchallenged,
But my mother shalt thou not!
Wives through fire their husbands follow,
Children must avenge their mothers!
As the flame unto the widow,
Is the sword unto the son!"

"Hold thy hand!" exclaimed the father;
"Yet there's time. Oh, hasten, hasten!
Join the head unto the body,
Touch it with the sword of vengeance,
And she'll follow thee alive!"
Rushing, breathless—what beholds he,
Stretched upon the hill of terror?
Bodies of two slaughtered women,
And their heads are lying near.

Half distracted, blind and dizzy,
His dear mother's head he seizes,
Does not even stay to kiss it,
Joins it to the nearest body;
Pointing, then, the sword of vengeance
Piously completes the spell.

Riseth straight a ghastly figure
From the dear lips of his mother,
Sweet as ever, nowise altered,
Comes this terrible bewail:

"Son, my son! what fatal rashness!
Yonder lies thy mother's body,
Near it is the head polluted
Of a wretched woman, victim
To a just avenging sword.
Me hast thou in hideous union
Blent forever with her body!

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Wise in will, but wild in doing,
Must I move among the spirits.

"Still that image must beset me!
Sometimes rising, sometimes falling,
Sometimes bright and sometimes darkened,
Such is mighty Brahma's will.
He it was who sent the vision,
Floating on its angel pinions,
Radiant face and form so graceful,
God-created in its beauty,
For my trial and temptation;
Since from heaven we may be tempted,
If the gods decree it so.

"Go, my son, unto thy father!
Be of comfort! Let no penance,
Dull remorse, or hope of merit,
Through a weary expiation,
Drive him to the wilderness.
Go ye forth among the people,
And, so long as speech remaineth,
Tell, oh, tell the meanest creature,
That him also Brahma hears!

"For with Him there is no meanness,
Be he leper, be he outcast,
Be he sunk in want and sorrow,
Be he desolate, heart-broken,
Be he Brahmin, be he Pariah—
Whosoever prays for mercy
He shall find it, he shall have it,
When he turns his face to heaven.
Thousand eyes are watching yonder,
Thousand ears are ever listening,
Everything to God is known.

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"When I pass before His footstool,
Me beholding, thus distorted,
By a vile transfiguration,
Surely will the Father pity.
Yet my curse may be a blessing
Unto you, my son, and many.
For in humble adoration,
Meekly shall I strive to utter
What the higher sense inspires;
Then, in frenzied adjuration,
Shall I tell Him all the passion
That is raging in this bosom:
Thought and impulse, will and weakness—
Mystery of mysteries!"

The Pariah's Thanksgiving.

Mighty Brahma! I adore Thee,
Maker Thou of all creation,
And I dare to come before Thee,
With my lowly supplication.

Thou hast heard that woman's story,
Thou hast heard her cruel sentence.
Lord! Thou art enshrined in glory,
Look in mercy on repentance!

WEE WILLIE WINKIE.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

"An officer and a gentleman."

HIS full name was Percival William Williams, but he picked up the other name in a nursery book, and that was the end of the christened titles. His mother's ayah called him Willie-Baba, but as he never paid the faintest attention to anything that the ayah said, her wisdom did not help matters.

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His father was the colonel of the 195th, and as soon as Wee Willie Winkie was old enough to understand what military discipline meant, Colonel Williams put him under it. There was no other way of managing the child. When he was good for a week, he drew good-conduct pay; and when he was bad he was deprived of his good-conduct stripe. Generally he was bad, for India offers so many chances to little six-year-olds of going wrong.

Children resent familiarity from strangers, and Wee Willie Winkie was a very particular child. Once he accepted an acquaintance, he was graciously pleased to thaw. He accepted Brandis, a subaltern of the 195th, on sight. Brandis was having tea at the colonel's, and Wee Willie Winkie entered, strong in the possession of a good-conduct badge, won for not chasing the hens round the compound. He regarded Brandis with gravity for at least ten minutes, and then delivered himself of his opinion:

"I like you," said he slowly, getting off his chair and coming over to Brandis. "I like you. I shall call you Coppy, because of your hair. Do you mind being called Coppy? It is because of ve hair, you know."

Very early one morning, while under arrest, he climbed on to the roof of the house—that was not forbidden—and beheld Miss Allardyce going for a ride.

"Where are you going?" cried Wee Willie Winkie.

"Across the river," she answered, and trotted forward.

Now the cantonment in which the 195th lay was bounded on the north by a river, dry in the winter. From his earliest years, Wee Willie Winkie had been forbidden to go across the river, and had noted that even Coppy—the almost almighty Coppy—had never set foot beyond it. Beyond the river, which was the end of all the earth, lived the bad men. And here was Major Allardyce's big girl, Coppy's property, preparing to venture into their borders! What would Coppy say if anything happened to her?

The house was still. Wee Willie Winkie reflected for a moment on the very terrible wrath of his father, and then—broke his arrest! The drowsy groom handed him his mount, and since the one great

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sin made all others insignificant, Wee Willie Winkie said he was going to ride over to Coppy Sahib. He turned into the road, leaned forward, and rode as fast as the pony could put foot to the ground in the direction of the river.

The reason of Miss Allardyce's wandering was simple enough. Coppy, in a tone of too hastily assumed authority, had told her over-night that she must not ride out by the river, and she had gone to prove her own spirit and teach Coppy a lesson.

Almost at the foot of the inhospitable hills, Wee Willie Winkie saw the waler blunder and come down heavily. Miss Allardyce struggled clear, but her ankle had been severely twisted, and she could not stand. Having thus demonstrated her spirit, she wept copiously, and was surprised by the apparition of a white, wide-eyed child in khaki, on a nearly spent pony.

"Are you badly, badly hurted?" shouted Wee Willie Winkie, as he was within range. "You didn't ought to be here."

"I don't know," said Miss Allardyce ruefully, ignoring the reproof. "Good gracious, child, what are *you* doing here?"

"You said you was going across ve wiver," panted Wee Willie Winkie, throwing himself off his pony, "and nobody—not even Coppy—must go across ve wiver, and I came after you ever so hard; but you wouldn't stop, and now you've hurted yourself, and Coppy will be angwy wiv me, and—I've bwoken my awwest!"

The future colonel of the 195th sat down and sobbed. In spite of the pain in her ankle the girl was moved.

"Have you ridden all the way from cantonment, little man? What for?"

"You belonged to Coppy. Coppy told me so!" wailed Wee Willie Winkie, disconsolately. "I saw him kissing you, and he said he was fonder of you van Bell or ve Butcha or me, and so I came. You must get up and come back. You didn't ought to be here. Vis is a bad place, and I've bwoken my awwest!"

"I can't move, Winkie," said Miss Allardyce, with a groan. "I've hurt my foot. What shall I do?"

She showed a readiness to weep afresh, which steadied Wee Willie

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Winkie, who had been brought up to believe that tears were the depth of unmanliness. Still, when one is as great a sinner as Wee Willie Winkie, even a man may be permitted to break down.

"Winkie," said Miss Allardyce, "when you've rested a little, ride back and tell them to send out something, to carry me back in. It hurts fearfully."

The child sat still for a little while and Miss Allardyce closed her eyes; the pain was nearly making her faint. She was roused by Wee Willie Winkie tying up the reins on his pony's neck, and setting it free with a vicious cut of his whip that made it whicker. The little animal headed toward the cantonment.

"Oh, Winkie! What are you doing?"

"Hush!" said Wee Willie Winkie. "Vere's a man coming—one of ve bad men. I must stay wiv you. My faver says a man must always look after a girl. Jack will go home, and ven vey'll come and look for us. Vat's why I let him go."

Not one man but two or three had appeared from behind the rocks of the hills, and the heart of Wee Willie Winkie sunk within him; for just in this manner were the goblins wont to steal out and vex Curdie's soul. Thus had they played in Curdie's garden—he had seen the picture—and thus had they frightened the princess's nurse. He heard them talking to each other, and recognized with joy the bastard Pushto that he had picked up from one of his father's grooms, lately dismissed. People who spoke that tongue could not be bad men. They were only natives after all. They came up to the bowlders on which Miss Allardyce's horse had blundered.

Then rose from the rock Wee Willie Winkie, child of the dominant race, aged six and three-quarters, and said, briefly and emphatically, "Jas!" The pony had crossed the river-bed.

The men laughed, and laughter from the natives was the one thing Wee Willie Winkie could not tolerate. He asked them what they wanted and why they did not depart. Other men with most evil faces and crooked-stocked guns crept out of the shadows of the hills, till soon Wee Willie Winkie was face to face with an audience some twenty strong. Miss Allardyce screamed.

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"Who are you?" said one of the men.

"I am the Colonel Sahib's son, and my order is that you go at once. You black men are frightening Miss Sahib. One of you must run into cantonment and take the news that the Miss Sahib has hurt herself, and that the colonel's son is here wiv her."

"Put our feet into the trap?" was the laughing reply. "Hear this boy's speech!"

"Say that I sent you—I, the colonel's son. They will give you money."

"What is the use of this talk? Take up the child and the girl, and we can at least ask for the ransom. Ours are the villages on the heights," said a voice in the background.

These *were* the bad men—worse than the goblins—and it needed all Wee Willie Winkie's training to prevent him from bursting into tears. But he felt that to cry before a native, excepting only his mother's ayah, would be an infamy greater than any mutiny. Moreover he, as future colonel of the 195th, had that grim regiment at his back.

"Are you going to carry us away?" said Wee Willie Winkie, very blanched and uncomfortable.

"Yes, my little Sahib Bahadur," said the tallest of the men, "and eat you afterward."

"That is child's talk," said Wee Willie Winkie. "Men do not eat men."

A yell of laughter interrupted him, but he went on firmly: "And if you do carry us away, I tell you that all my wegiment will come up in a day and kill you all without leaving one. Who will take my message to the Colonel Sahib?"

Another man joined the conference, crying: "O foolish men! What this baba says is true. He is the heart's heart of those white troops. For the sake of peace let them both go, for if he be taken, the regiment will break loose and gut the valley. *Our* villages are in the valley, and we shall not escape. That regiment are devils. They broke Khoda Yar's breast-bone with kicks when he tried to take the rifles; and if we touch the child they will fire and rape and plunder for a month, till nothing remains. Better to send a

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man back to take the message and get a reward. I say this child is their god, and they will spare none of us, nor our women, if we harm him."

It was Din Mahommed, the dismissed groom of the colonel, who made the diversion, and an angry and heated discussion followed. Wee Willie Winkie, standing over Miss Allardyce, waited the upshot. Surely his "wegiment," his own "wegiment," would not desert him if they knew of his extremity.

The riderless pony brought the news to the 195th, though there had been consternation in the colonel's household for an hour before. The little beast came in through the parade-ground in front of the main barracks, where the men were settling down to play spoil-five till the afternoon. Devlin, the color-sergeant of E Company, glanced at the empty saddle and tumbled through the barrack-rooms, kicking up each room corporal as he passed. "Up, ye beggars! There's something happened to the colonel's son," he shouted.

"He couldn't fall off! S'help me, he *couldn't* fall off," blubbered a drummer-boy. "Go and hunt acrost the river. He's over there if he's anywhere, an' may be those pathans have got him. For the love of Gawd, don't look for 'im in the nullahs! Let's go over the river."

"There's sense in Mott yet," said Devlin. "E Company, double out to the river—sharp!"

So E Company, in its shirt-sleeves mainly, doubled for their dear life, and in the rear toiled the perspiring sergeant, adjuring it to double yet faster. The cantonment was alive with the men of the 195th hunting for Wee Willie Winkie, and the colonel finally overtook E Company, far too exhausted to swear, struggling in the pebbles of the river-bed.

Up the hill under which Wee Willie Winkie's bad men were discussing the wisdom of carrying off the child and the girl, a lookout fired two shots.

"What have I said?" shouted Din Mahommed. "There's the warning! The pulton are out already and are coming across the plain. Get away. Let us not be seen with the boy!"

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"The wegiment is coming," said Wee Willie Winkie, confidently, to Miss Allardyce, "and it's all wight. Don't cwy!"

He needed the advice himself, for ten minutes later, when his father came up, he was weeping bitterly, with his head in Miss Allardyce's lap. And the men of the 195th carried him home with shouts and rejoicings; and Coppy, who had ridden a horse into a lather, met him, and, to his intense disgust, kissed him openly in the presence of the men.

But there was balm for his dignity. His father assured him that not only would the breaking of arrest be condoned, but that the good-conduct badge would be restored as soon as his mother could sew it on his blouse-sleeve. Miss Allardyce had told the colonel a story that made him proud of his son.

"She belonged to you, Coppy," said Wee Willie Winkie, indicating Miss Allardyce with a grimy forefinger. "I knew she didn't ought to go acwoss ve wiver, and I knew ve wegiment would come to me if I sent Jack home."

"You're a hero, Winkie," said Coppy, "a pukka hero!"

"I don't know what vat means," said Wee Willie Winkie, "but you mustn't call me Winkie any no more. I'm Percival Will'am Will'ams."

And in this manner did Wee Willie Winkie enter into his manhood.

REVENGE.

ANNIE R. BLOUNT.

THE sun was sinking on the shore,
And shadows dark and grim
Crept o'er the earth; one star alone,
With shadowy light, and dim,
Lighted the maiden on her path
Unto the "trysting tree,"
Where oft at eve's soft hour she stole
To list love's gentle plea.

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Oh! lovely was this Indian maid—
By name, the Startled Fawn,—
Her ebon hair was black as night,
Her eyes like starlight shone.
A proud chief's promised bride was she,
And yet she steals apart
To meet the pale-faced stranger who
Had won her trusting heart.

The hours slip by; the moon is down;
Still sit they side by side,
And he has promised soon to make
The Indian girl his bride.
And, trusting in his love, she goes
The world with him to roam,
And leaves without a sigh the woods
Which made her childhood's home.

The light canoe is on the stream;
The purple wave divides,
And, like a feather, noiselessly
It down the water glides.
She gazes on the loved one's face
With mingled love and pride,
And dreams of blissful hours, when she
Shall be his worshipped bride.

But see! behind them on the shore
The dark pursuers come!
The light reveals their dusky brows—
They cross the whitening foam.
"Swim to the shore!" the maiden cried;
"They will not harm me—fly,
Star of my sky! light of my life!
For me thou shalt not die!"

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One wild embrace and he is gone;
The maiden weeps alone;
She sees him gain the distant shore,
Then paddles slowly on.
For in the distance dark she hears
The chieftain's angry call;
And she must meet his dreaded frown,
And brave the wrath of all.

Months pass away—long, dreary months;
The pale-face comes no more;
The roses fade upon her cheeks,
And even hope is o'er.
Her step, once agile as the deer's,
Is not so lightsome now;
And melancholy sits upon
The Indian maiden's brow.

They tell her that a pale-faced girl
Doth share his love and lot,
And she, who braved e'en death for him,
Has long since been forgot.
Thine is a common history,
Poor timid, Startled Fawn;
Like all who love too well, thy love
Is back upon thee thrown.

"O Unseen Spirit! hear my cries,"
The Indian maiden said;
"I fain would be revenged on him,
Then numbered with the dead."
Even while she speaks she hears the shout
Which tells a captive caught;
And to the wigwam, powerless,
A pale-faced foe is brought.

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Alone among that warlike tribe
The captive white man stands;
All downcast is his eagle eye,
And fetters bind his hands.
The dusky chiefs look sternly on,
Their hearts no pity feel;
He killed the bravest of their tribe,
And scowls his fate reveal.

The Startled Fawn has heard it all,
She knows the once-loved voice;
'Tis he! the false one, who had been
Her spirit's early choice.
She sees the angry, scowling glance
Her tribe upon her cast,
And fiercely whispers, "It is well;
I'll be revenged at last."

The night comes on—a black, black night;
No star is seen above;
The dark-eyed maiden seeketh him
Who won her earliest love.
His arms are pinioned to his side
With fetters strong and fast;
And bowed in shame that lofty head,
Whose triumph now is past.

He starts—looks upward—sees her there:
"Forgive the past," he cried.
"To-night we'll seek a foreign land,
I'll make thee there my bride.
Oh, loose my fetters, for the love
You once to me did bear.
We'll journey to my distant home,
And I will wed thee there."

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She loosed the bonds with seeming love,
Yet on her lips, the while,
There lingered, as in mockery,
A curious, bitter smile.
With trembling hands, but face all calm,
She set the captive free,
Then whispered softly in his ear,
"Be silent—follow me."

And, hand in hand, the silent woods
Their solitary way
They took—not looking once behind,
And not a word did say.
The hungry wolf howled round their path—
They heard the owlet's scream;
And not a star of heaven sent forth
A single friendly gleam.

And threatening clouds now veiled the skies,
The thunder shook high heaven,
The lightning gleamed; and to their haunts
The fierce wild beasts were driven.
Yet, while the elements thus raged,
The wanderers wandered on,
The pale-face following with fear
His guide, the Startled Fawn.

He fancied he could faintly hear
The angry cascade's roar,
Where o'er the stern and beaten rock
The rushing waters pour.
And when he whispered her his fears,
She laughed in silent glee,
But murmured softly, as before,
"Fear not, love—follow me!"

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Upon the cascade's verge they stood—
The rocks so high and steep;
Too late he saw! She grasped his hand
And took the fatal leap.
Down—down they go! and loudly shrieks
The angry water-wraith;
The pale-face and the Startled Fawn
Are joined at last—in death!

HUGO GROTIUS.

KOTZEBUE.

[Hugo Grotius, one of the most famous men of the 17th century, on account of supporting and defending the cause of the Arminians, is condemned to imprisonment for life. His confinement is rigorous, but his wife and daughter obtain permission to share his captivity, and through their wit and ingenuity his escape is at last effected. Maurice Helderbush, the commander of the garrison and lover of the daughter, claims the merit of the deed; and, while the women are acquitted, he is condemned to die. His last moments are approaching, when Grotius voluntarily returns. He has counseled peace and toleration in vain to the Arminians, and comes back to abide his destiny. A reconciliation is effected between him and the Prince of Orange. Maurice is pardoned, Grotius liberated, and all ends happily.]

SCENE: The Castle of Löwenstein at Gorcum. MARIA and CORNELIA, in the apartment of GROTIUS.

CORNELIA [*anxiously*]. What means this firing, mother?
Have we succeeded? Is my father safe?

MARIA. Go down—but no. What an unusual pother!
Has he been seized? Are these alarm-guns signals
To thwart his flight? I quake for agony.

CORN. [*at the window*]. People are running one among the other, and drums are beating—
Yet upon the river all appears quiet. [*Pauses.*]
Our blue streamer floats
Further and further off. See there on board

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A man, no doubt my brother, waving to us
In triumph a white handkerchief—he is safe.

MARIA. Is he—or doth the distance not deceive you?

CORN. No, no; the longer on the waves I rest
My eyes, the clearer everything becomes.
It is my brother—hail, beloved Felix!
He is now sitting down and steering—and the boat
With swelling sail cuts swiftly through the wave.
They'll soon have crossed the Maas. My father's saved!

MARIA [*falls on her knees with folded hands; she tries to speak, and cannot—then clasps* CORNELIA *in her arms*]. Now be it known that I, the wife of Hugo,
And thou, his child, are worthy of our race.
No word of prayer for us, now he is free.
We care not for their power; we cheerfully
Shall sing athwart our grating: He is free.
Let them from us exclude the light of heaven;
Let them with thirst and hunger plague our frames;
We suffer now for him, and he is free!

[*Enter* MAURICE.]

MAURICE. The Prince of Orange unexpectedly
Appeared before the fortress; drums were beat,
And cannons fired in honor of his coming.

MARIA. Is our sworn foe so nigh, and at this moment!
Well, let him come!

MAURICE. The prince had scarce alighted
From off his horse, when he inquired for Grotius;
He means to see him.

MARIA [*with triumphant smile*]. Well, then, let him come.

MAURICE. In a few minutes he will be before you.

MARIA. And we are ready to receive him.

MAURICE. I augur good. He is indeed our foe;
But a great man, who scorns the petty triumphs
Of humbling by his presence the disarmed.

MARIA. I pledge myself he'll not do that.

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MAURICE. Be it so. Is Hugo sleeping still?
MARIA. He is broad awake.
[PRINCE OF ORANGE *enters with the* CAPTAIN.]
MAURICE. The general.
PRINCE. Thanks, my worthy captain.
All things I find as I expected of you.
CAPT. [*presenting* MARIA *and* CORNELIA *to the* PRINCE].
The wife of Grotius—and his daughter.
PRINCE. Lady,
Though we meet not as friends, at least I hope
That we shall part as such.
MARIA. I know Prince Moritz
Values consistency e'en in a foe.
PRINCE. This virtue sometimes looks like obstinacy.
MARIA. And sometimes serves ambition for a cloak.
PRINCE. A truce to words that might be taken harshly.
You'll learn to know me better, noble lady.
MARIA. We've known you ever since we've been in prison.
PRINCE. Who forced you to partake your husband's fortunes?
MARIA. If you were married you would not inquire.
PRINCE. Enough. The memory of the past be razed.
MARIA. Are you a god?
PRINCE. Lead me to Hugo Grotius,
And he shall reconcile me to his consort.
CAPT. There is his chamber.
MARIA. You will find in it
Only the reliques of the saint who dwelt there.
PRINCE [*startled*]. Is Hugo dead?
MARIA. And would it be a wonder,
If these damp walls had nipped his frail existence?
But I am not here to curse his murderers,
I smile in scorn upon their impotence;
My husband has escaped.
ALL. Escaped! Escaped!
[*The* CAPTAIN *goes into the sleeping-room.*]

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MARIA. In spite of all your halberds, all your bolts,
A woman's cunning snatched him from your power,
And love has triumphed over violence.

CAPT. [*returns terrified*]. She speaks the truth; he is not to be found.

PRINCE [*surprised and angry*]. How? By whose help?

MARIA. By mine.

PRINCE. By whose contrivance?

MARIA. Who can compel me to discover that?

MAURICE [*aside*]. I guess.

PRINCE. Speak! Whither, whither is he gone?

MARIA. Send out your spies, and track him as you can.

PRINCE. Woman, beware my anger!

MARIA. I fear nothing.

PRINCE. Who are the helper's helpers; for alone
You cannot have accomplished it. Speak out,
Least force extort confession from your lips.

MARIA. None know but I; therein consists my pride.

CORN. [*modestly*]. You rob me of my little share of merit;
I also knew it, but no one besides.

PRINCE. And was the law unknown to you, that each
Who breaks the prison of seditious persons
Is subject to the penalty of death?

CAPT. They knew it well.

PRINCE. Then give the law its course;
The wife at least——

CORN. Do not forget the daughter.

MAURICE. They both have falsely testified—'twas I,
I only did it!

PRINCE [*astonished*]. Who are you?

MAURICE. My name
Is Maurice Helderbush. I am a lieutenant
Now stationed in this garrison. An orphan boy,
Grotius first noticed me, and taught me much.
This lady has been quite a mother to me.

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Under your highness I have served with honor;
But when the fortunes of my foster-father,
My benefactor, reached me, and I heard
That he was here in close confinement kept,
And his dear life in danger, I endeavored
To get the humbler place I occupy,
Wishing to free him, and I have succeeded.
I only am the criminal to punish.

MARIA. Fie, Maurice! Don't believe him—he has lied.

CORN. He often has refused to me his help,
Because he held it contrary to duty.

MAURICE [*pointing to* MARIA]. This woman loves me as were I her son.
[*Pointing to* CORNELIA.] This girl has been betrothed to me as bride.
They sacrifice themselves to rescue me.

MARIA [*deeply moved*]. Maurice, what are you doing?

PRINCE. How, how is this?
Who disentangles for me the enigma?

CAPT. I stand astonished, Prince, as you must do;
Nor can I clearly fathom the strange contest.
One thing I know, that Maurice Helderbush
Was always a brave soldier, and a man
Of nicest honor, to whom but last night,
When duty took me 'cross the Maas to Gorcum,
I handed over the command in trust.

CORN. And did he not that very night prevent
My father's flying by his vigilance?

MARIA. He did so.

CAPT. All the garrison knows that.

MAURICE. I did it the more certainly to favor
The riper purpose of this morning's flight.
Ask you for proofs? These have been telling you
That no one knows the way he left his prison.
I know it, I! 'Twas in a chest for books

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That he was carried out. I stood beside it,
And called myself the men who took it hence.
The sergeant, as his duty ordered him,
Wanted to break it open. I forbade;
Took on myself the whole responsibility;
Can you deny it?

MARIA. Maurice, were you not
Deceived, like him?

MAURICE. Oh, no! I knew the whole.
Would you have further proofs? The son of Hugo,
The same who lately broke away from prison
And for whose capture the States General
Offered rewards (for that I also knew),
Came here most rashly, and was in my power.
I let him go—ask all the garrison—
I am the guilty person!

PRINCE. Give your sword
To the commanding officer. To-day
By martial law the case shall be decided.
[*To the* CAPTAIN.] Till then remains he in the very cell
Whose doors he says he opened for this Grotius.
Transfer these women to the castle, there
They'll have a better lodging; but remain
For their safe custody responsible,
Until the trial shall allot the guilt.
If they are criminals, let them join the fled one.
My heart's a stranger to ignoble vengeance.

CAPT. You must be parted. Follow, noble lady.

MARIA [*painfully*]. Maurice!

MAURICE [*in a petitioning tone*]. Now am I not again your son?

MARIA. Is this your way of punishing the mother
Who once mistook her child? You give him back
Only to tear him the more hardly from me.

CORN. Beloved, not this fearful sacrifice.

CAPT. I can allow no further conversation.

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MARIA. I follow. Maurice, thou has been obedient.
Honor thy mother's will—
CORN. Thy loved one's prayer!

THE LABORATORY.

ROBERT BROWNING.

NOW that I, tying thy glass mask tightly,
May gaze through these faint smokes curling white
As thou pliest thy trade in this devil's smithy—
Which is the poison to poison her, prithee?

He is here with her, and they know that I know
Where they are, what they do; they believe my tears flow
While they laugh, laugh at me, me fled to the drear
Empty church, to pray God in, for them! I am here.

Grind away, moisten and mash up thy paste,
Pound at thy powder—I am not in haste!
Better sit thus and observe thy strange things,
Than go where men wait me and dance at the king's.

That in the mortar—you call it a gum?
Ah, the brave tree whence such gold oozings come!
And yonder brave phial, the exquisite blue,
Sure to taste sweetly,—is that poison, too?

Had I but all of them, thee and thy treasures,
What a wild crowd of invisible pleasures!
To carry pure death in an earring, a casket,
A signet, a fan-mount, a filigree basket!

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Soon, at the king's, a mere lozenge to give
And Pauline should have just thirty minutes to live!
But to light a pastile, and Elise, with her head
And her breast and her arms and her hands, should drop dead!

Quick—is it finished? The color's too grim!
Why not soft like the phial's, enticing and dim?
Let it brighten her drink, let her turn it and stir,
And try it and taste, ere she fix and prefer!

What, a drop! She's not little, no minion like me!
That's why she ensnared him; this never will free
The soul from those masculine eyes,—say, "No!"
To that pulse's magnificent come-and-go.

For only last night, as they whispered, I brought
My own eyes to bear on her so, that I thought
Could I keep them one half minute fixed, she would fall
Shriveled; she fell not; yet this does it all!

Not that I bid you spare her the pain;
Let death be felt and the proof remain.
Brand, burn up, bite into its grace—
He is sure to remember her dying face!

Is it done? Take my mask off! Nay, be not morose,
It kills her, and this prevents seeing it close;
The delicate droplet, my whole fortune's fee!
If it hurts her, beside, can it ever hurt me?

Now, take all my jewels, gorge gold to your fill,
You may kiss me, old man, on my mouth, if you
But brush this dust off me, lest horror it brings
Ere I know it—next moment I dance at the king's!

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GOOD DEEDS.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

THERE died upon the Miraj height,
A man of Mecca, Amru hight;
Faithful and true, patient and pure,
Had been his years; he did endure
In war five spear-wounds, and in peace
Long journeying for his tribe's increase;
And ever of his gains he gave
Unto poor brethren—kind as brave.
But these forsook, and age and toil
Drained the strong heart as flames drink oil;
Till, lone and friendless, gay and spent—
A thorn-tree's shadow for his tent,
And desert sand for dying-bed—
Amru the camel-man lay dead.

What is it that the Hadîth saith?
Even while the true eyes glazed in death,
And the warm heart wearied, and beat
The last drum of its long defeat,
An angel, lighting on the sand,
Took Amru's spirit by the hand,
And gently spake: "Dear brother, come!
A sore road thou didst journey home;
But life's dry desert thou hast passed,
And Zem-Zem sparkles nigh at last."
Then with swift flight those twain did rise
Unto the gates of paradise,
Which opened, and the angel gave
A golden granate, saying, "Cleave
This fruit, my brother!" But its scent
So heavenly seemed, and so intent,

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So rapt was Amru to behold
The great fruit's rind of blushing gold
And emerald leaves—he dared not touch,
Murmuring: "O Mâlik! 'tis too much
That I am here, with eyes so dim,
And grace all fled." Then bade they him
Gaze in the stream which glided stilly
'Mid water-roses and white lily,
Under those lawns and smiling skies
That made delight in paradise;
When, lo! the presence imaged there
Was of such comeliness, no peer
Among those glorious angels stood
To Amru, mirrored in the flood.

"I! is it I?" he cried in gladness;
"Am I so changed from toil and sadness?"
"This was thy hidden self," replied
The angels. "So shalt thou abide
By our bright river evermore;
And in that fair fruit's secret core—
Which on the Tree of Life hath grown—
Another marvel shall be shown.
Ah, happy Amru! Cleave!" He clove:
Sweet miracle of bliss and love!
Forth from the pomegranate there grew,
As from its bud a rose breaks through,
A lovely, stately, lustrous maid,
Whose black orbs long silk lashes shade;
Whose beauty was so rich to see
No verse can tell it worthily;
Nor is there found in any place
One like her for the perfect grace
Of soft arms wreathed and ripe lips moving
In accents, musical and loving.

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For thus she spake: "Peace be to thee,
My Amru!" Then, with quick cry, he:
"Who art thou, blessed one? What name
Wearest thou? Teach my tongue to frame
This worship of my heart." Said she:
"Thy good deeds gave me being. See,
If in my beauty thou hast pleasure,
How the Most High doth truly treasure
Joy for his servants. Murzieh I—
She that doth love and satisfy—
And I am made by Allah's hand
Of ambergris and musk, to stand
Beside thee, soothing thee, and tending
In comfort and in peace unending."

So hand in hand, 'tis writ, they went
To those bright bowers of high content.

PERSEPHONE.

JEAN INGELOW.

SHE stepped upon Sicilian grass,
Demeter's daughter fresh and fair,
A child of light, a radiant lass,
And gamesome as the morning air.
The daffodils were fair to see,
They nodded lightly on the lea,
Persephone—Persephone!

Lo! one she marked of rarer growth
Than orchis or anemone;
For it the maiden left them both,
And parted from her company.

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Drawn nigh she deemed it fairer still,
And stooped to gather by the rill
The daffodil, the daffodil.

What ailed the meadow that it shook?
What ailed the air of Sicily?
She wandered by the prattling brook,
And trembled with the trembling lea.
"The coal-black horses rise—they rise:
O mother, mother!" low she cries—
Persephone—Persephone!

"O light, light, light!" she cries, "farewell;
The coal-black horses wait for me.
O shade of shades, where I must dwell,
Demeter, mother, far from thee!
Ah, fated doom that I fulfil!
Ah, fateful flower beside the rill!
The daffodil, the daffodil!"

What ails her that she comes not home?
Demeter seeks her far and wide,
And, gloomy browed, doth ceaseless roam
From many a morn till eventide.
"My life, immortal though it be,
Is naught," she cried, "for want of thee,
Persephone—Persephone!

"Meadows of Enna, let the rain
No longer drop to feed your rills,
Nor dew refresh the fields again,
With all their nodding daffodils!
Fade, fade and droop, O lilied lea,
Where thou, dear heart, wert reft from me—
Persephone—Persephone!"

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She reigns upon her dusky throne,
'Mid shades of heroes dread to see;
Among the dead she breathes alone,
Persephone—Persephone!
Or seated on the Elysian hill
She dreams of earthly daylight still,
And murmurs of the daffodil.

A voice in Hades soundeth clear,
The shadows mourn and flit below;
It cries: "Thou Lord of Hades, hear,
And let Demeter's daughter go.
The tender corn upon the lea
Droops in her goddess gloom when she
Cries for her lost Persephone.

"From land to land she, raging, flies,
The green fruit falleth in her wake;
The harvest fields beneath her eyes
To earth the grain unripened shake.
Arise, and set the maiden free!
Why should the world such sorrow dree
By reason of Persephone?"

He takes the cleft pomegranate seeds:
"Love, eat with me this parting day;"
Then bids them fetch the coal-black steeds—
"Demeter's daughter, wouldst away?"
The gates of Hades set her free;
"She will return full soon," said he;
"My wife, my wife, Persephone."

Low laughs the dark king on his throne.
"I gave her of pomegranate seeds."
Demeter's daughter stands alone
Upon the fair Eleusian meads.

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Her mother meets her. "Hail!" saith she;
"And doth our daylight dazzle thee,
My love, my child, Persephone?

"What moved thee, daughter, to forsake
Thy fellow-maids that fatal morn,
And give thy dark lord power to take
Thee living to his realm forlorn?"
Her lips reply without her will,
As one addressed who slumbereth still:
"The daffodil, the daffodil!"

Her eyelids droop with light oppressed,
And sunny wafts that round her stir;
Her cheek upon her mother's breast,
Demeter's kisses comfort her.
Calm Queen of Hades, art thou she
Who stepped so lightly on the lea—
Persephone, Persephone?

When, in her destined course, the moon
Meets the deep shadow of this world,
And laboring on doth seem to swoon
Through awful wastes of dimness whirled—
Emerged at length, no trace hath she
Of that dark hour of destiny,
Still silvery sweet—Persephone.

The greater world may near the less,
And draw it through her weltering shade,
But not one biding trace impress
Of all the darkness that she made;
The greater soul that draweth thee
Hath left his shadow plain to see
On thy dear face, Persephone!

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Demeter sighs; but sure 'tis well
The wife should love her destiny.
They part, and yet, as legends tell,
She mourns her lost Persephone,
While chant the maids of Enna still:
"O fateful flower beside the rill—
The daffodil, the daffodil!"

THE NINE CENT-GIRLS.

H. C. BUNNER.

MR. JOHN WINFIELD, proprietor of the Winfield Ranch, sat a-straddle a chair in front of the fire in his big living room, and tugged at his handsome black beard as he discussed the situation with his foreman, who was also his confidant, his best friend, and his old college mate, Mr. Richard Cutter.

"By thunder!" said Mr. Winfield, "I'm going to get married this year, if I have to marry a widow with six children. And I guess I'll have to. I've been ten years in this girlless wilderness, and I never did know any girls to speak of, at home. Now *you*, you always everlastingly knew girls. What's that place you lived at in New York State—where there were so many girls?"

"Tusculum," replied Mr. Cutter, in a tone of complacent reminiscence. "Nice old town, plastered so thick with mortgages that you can't grow flowers in the front yard. All the fellows strike for New York as soon as they begin to shave. The crop of girls remains, and they wither on the stem. Why, one winter they had a hump-backed man for their sole society star in the male line! Nice girls, too. Old families. Pretty, lots of them. Good form, too, for provincials."

"Gad! I'd like to live in Tusculum for a year or so."

"No, you wouldn't. It's powerful dull. But the girls were nice. Now, there were the Nine Cent-Girls."

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"The Nine-cent Girls?"

"No, the Nine Cent-Girls. Catch the difference? They were the daughters of old Bailey, the civil engineer. Nine of 'em, ranging from twenty-two, when I was there—that's ten years ago—down to—oh, I don't know—a kid in a pinafore. All looked just alike, barring age, and every one had the face of the Indian lady on the little red cent. Do you remember the Indian lady on the little red cent?"

"Hold on," suggested Jack, "I've got one. I've had it ever since I came."

"That's it," said Dick. "It would do for a picture of any one of 'em—only the Bailey girls didn't wear feathers in their hair. But there they were, nine of 'em, nice girls, every way, and the whole lot named out of the classics. Old Bailey was strong on the classics. His great-grandfather named Tusculum, and Bailey's own name was M. Cicero Bailey. So he called all his girls by heathen names and had a row with the parson every christening. Let me see—there was Euphrosyne, and Clelia, and Lydia, and Flora and Aurora—those were the twins—I was sweet on one of the twins—and Una—and, oh, I can't remember them all. But they were mighty nice girls."

"Probably all married by this time," Jack groaned. "Let me look at that cent."

"Not a one," Dick assured him. "I met a chap from Tusculum last time I was in Butte City, and I asked him. He said there'd been only one wedding in Tusculum in three years, and then the local paper had a wire into the church and got out extras."

Two months after the evening on which this conversation took place, Mr. Richard Cutter walked up one of the quietest and most eminently respectable of the streets of Tusculum, to try and induce Mr. Bailey and all his family to migrate to Montana and settle at Starbuck, and he joined with him eight other young ranchmen, who entered into the idea with wild Western enthusiasm and an Arcadian simplicity that could see no chance of failure. These energetic youths subscribed a generous fund to defray the expenses of

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Mr. Cutter as a missionary to Tusculum; and Mr. Cutter had found himself committed to the venture before he knew it.

Now, what had seemed quite feasible in Starbuck's wilds wore a different face in prim and proper Tusculum. It dawned on Mr. Cutter that he was about to make a most radical and somewhat impudent proposition to a conservative old gentleman. The atmosphere of Tusculum weighed heavy on its spirits, which were light and careless enough in his adopted home in Montana.

Therefore Mr. Cutter found his voice very uncertain as he introduced himself to the young lady who opened, at his ring, the front door of one of the most respectable houses in that respectable street of Tusculum.

"Good-morning," he said, wondering which one of the Nine Cent-Girls he saw before him; and then, noting a few threads of gray in her hair, he ventured:

"It's Miss—Miss Euphrosyne, isn't it? You don't remember me—Mr. Cutter, Dick Cutter? Used to live on Ovid Street. Can I see your father?"

"My father?"

"Yes—I just want——"

"Why, Mr. Cutter—I do remember you now—didn't you know that papa died nine years ago—the year after you left Tusculum?"

Dick Cutter leaned against the door-jamb and stared speechlessly at Euphrosyne. He noted vaguely that she looked much the same as when he had last seen her, except that she looked tired and just a shade sad. When he was able to think, he said that he begged her pardon. Then she smiled faintly.

"We couldn't expect you to know," she said simply. "Won't you come in?"

"N-n-no," stuttered Dick. I-I-I'll call later—this evening, if you don't mind. Ah—ah—*good* day." And he fled to his hotel, to pull himself together, leaving Miss Euphrosyne smiling.

He sat alone in his room all the afternoon, pondering over the shipwreck of his scheme. What should he tell the boys? What

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would the boys say? Why had he not thought to write before he came? Why on earth had Bailey taken it into his head to die?

After supper, he resolved to call as he had promised.

The door was opened by Clytie, the youngest of the nine. She ushered him at once into a bright little parlor, hung around with dainty things in artistic needlework and decorative painting. A big lamp glowed on a centre-table, and around it sat seven of the sisters, each one engaged in some sort of work, sewing, embroidering, or designing. Nearest the lamp sat Euphrosyne, reading Macaulay aloud. She stopped as he entered, and welcomed him in a half-timid but wholly friendly fashion.

Dick sat down, very much embarrassed, in spite of the greeting. It was many years since he had talked to nine ladies at once.

But after a while the pleasant, genial, social atmosphere of the room, sweet with a delicate, winning virginity, thawed out his awkward reserve, and Dick began to talk of the West and Western life until the nine pairs of blue eyes, stretched to their widest, fixed upon him as a common focus. It was eleven when he left, with many apologies for his long call. He found the night and the street uncommonly dark, empty, and depressing.

"Just the outfit!" he observed to himself. "And old Bailey dead and the whole scheme busted."

For he had learned that the Nine Cent-Girls had not a relative in the world. Under these circumstances, it was clearly his duty to take the morning train for the West. And yet, the next evening he presented himself, shamefaced and apologetic, at the Baileys' door.

The next day he made a weak pretence of casually passing by when he knew that Miss Euphrosyne was working in the garden; but he found it no easier to explain across the front fence. The explanation never would have been made if it had not been for Miss Euphrosyne. A curious nervousness had come over her, too, and suddenly she spoke out.

"Mr. Cutter—excuse me—but what has brought you here? I

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mean is it anything that concerns us—or—or—papa's affairs! I thought everything was settled—I had hoped——"

There was nothing for it now but to tell the whole story, and Dick told it.

"I suppose you'll think we're a pack of barbarians, and, of course, it's all impracticable *now*."

But Miss Euphrosyne did not seem to be offended—only thoughtful.

"Can you call here to-morrow at this time, Mr. Cutter?"

Miss Euphrosyne blushed faintly when Dick presented himself to hear judgment pronounced.

"I suppose you will think it strange," she said, "but if your plan is feasible, I should wish to carry it out. Frankly, I *do* want to see the girls married. Clelia and Lydia and I are past the time when women think about such things—but Clytie—and the rest. And, you know, I can remember how papa and mamma lived together, and sometimes it seems cruelly hard that those dear girls should lose all that happiness—I'm sure it's the best happiness in the world. And it can never be, *here*. Now, if I could get occupation—you know that I'm teaching school—and if the rest of the girls could keep up their work for the New York people—why—don't you know, if I didn't tell—if I put it on business grounds, you know—I think they would feel that it was best, after all, to leave Tusculum."

Her voice was choked when she recommenced.

"It seems awful for me to talk to you in this cold-blooded way about such a thing; but—what *can* we do, Mr. Cutter? You don't know how poor we are. There's nothing for my little Clytie to do but to be a dressmaker—and you know what *that* means, in Tusculum. Oh, *do* you think I could teach school out in Star—Star—Starbuckle?"

Miss Euphrosyne was crying.

Dick's census of possible pupils in the neighborhood of Starbuck satisfied Miss Euphrosyne. It troubled Dick's conscience a bit, as he walked back to the hotel. "But they'll all be

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married off before she finds it out, so I guess it's all right," he reflected.

The next week Dick went to New York, cheerfully attending to a commission which Miss Euphrosyne, after much urging, had given him, trembling at her own audacity. The size of it had somewhat staggered him. She asked him to take an order to a certain large dry-goods house for nine traveling ulsters (ladies', medium weight, measurements enclosed) for which he was to select the materials.

"Men have so much taste," said Miss Euphrosyne. "Papa *always* knew when we were well dressed."

Dick had to wait while another customer was served. He stared at her in humble admiration. It was a British actress, recently imported.

When Mr. Richard Cutter sat on the platform of Tusculum station and saw his nine charges approach, ready for the trip to the far West, it struck him that the pinky-dun ulsters with the six-inch square checks of pale red and blue did not look on these nine virgins, as they looked on the British actress. It struck him, moreover, that the nine "fore and aft" or "deer-stalker" caps which he had thrown in as friendship's offering only served to more accentuate a costume already accentuated. But it was too late for retreat. The Baileys had burned their bridges behind them. The old house was sold. Their lot was cast in Montana. He had his misgivings; but he handed them gallantly into the train—it was not a vestibule express, for economy forbade—and they began their journey.

He had an uneasy feeling that they were noticed; that the nine ladies in the ulsters of one pattern—and of the pattern of his choosing—were attracting more attention than any ladies not thus uniformed would have attracted; but he was not seriously disturbed until a loquacious countryman sat down beside him.

"Runnin' a lady base-ball nine, be ye?" he inquired. "I seen one wunst, down to Ne' York. They can't play ball not to speak of; but it's kinder fun lookin' at 'em. Couldn't ye interdooce me to the pitcher?"

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Mr. Cutter made a dignified reply, and withdrew to the smoking-car. There a fat and affable stranger tapped him on the back and talked in his ear from the seat behind.

"It don't pay, young man," he said. "I've handled 'em. Female minstrels sounds first rate; but they don't give the show that catches the people. You've gotter have reel talent kinder mixed in with 'em if you want to draw."

"Them ladies in your comp'ny, where do they show?" inquired the conductor, as he examined the ten tickets that Dick presented.

"What do you mean?" asked the irritated pioneer.

"If they show in Cleveland, I'd like to go, first rate," the conductor explained.

"Those ladies," Dick thundered, at the end of his patience, "are not actresses!"

"Hmf! What be they, then?"

They had arrived at Buffalo. They had gone to the Niagara Hotel and had been told that there were no rooms for them; and to the Tifft House, where there were no rooms; and to the Genesee, where every room was occupied. Finally they had found quarters in a very queer hotel, where the clerk, as he dealt out the keys, said:

"One for Lily, and one for Daisy, and one for Rosie—here, boss, sort out the flower-bed yourself," as he handed over the bunch.

Dick was taking a drink in the dingy bar-room, and trying to forget the queer looks that had been cast at his innocent caravan all the day, when the solitary hall-boy brought a message summoning him to Miss Euphrosyne's room. He went, with his moral tail between his mental legs.

"Mr. Cutter," said Miss Euphrosyne, firmly, "we have made a mistake."

"It looks that way, but may be it's only the—the ulsters."

"No, the ulsters are a part of it; but the whole thing is wrong, Mr. Cutter; and I see it all now. I didn't realize what it meant. But my eyes have been opened. Nine young unmarried women cannot go West with a young man—if you had heard what people

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were saying all around us in the cars—you don't know. We've got to give up the idea. Oh, but it was awful!"

Miss Euphrosyne, trembling, hid her face in her hands. Her tears trickled out through her thin fingers.

"And the old house is sold! *What* shall we do? *Where* shall we go?" she cried, forgetting Dick utterly.

Dick was stalking up and down the room.

"It would be all right, if there was a married woman to lead the gang, and if—if—if we caught on to something new in the ulster line?"

"It might be different," Miss Euphrosyne admitted, with a sob. Speaking came hard to her. She was tired; wellnigh worn out.

"*Then*," said Dick, with tremendous emphasis, "what's the matter with my marrying one of you?"

"*Why*, Mr. Cutter! I had no idea that you—you—ever—thought of—is it Clytie?"

"No, it isn't Clytie."

"Is it—is it—" Miss Euphrosyne's eyes lit up with hope long since extinguished—"is it Aurora?"

"No!"

Dick Cutter could have been heard three rooms off.

"No!" he said, with all his lungs. "It ain't Clytie, nor it ain't Aurora, nor it ain't Flora, nor Melpomene, nor Cybele, nor Alveolar Aureole, nor none of 'em. It's *you*—Y-O-U! I want to marry *you*, and what's more, I'm going to!"

"Oh! oh! oh! oh!" said poor Miss Euphrosyne, and hid her face in her hands. She had never thought to be happy, and now she was happy for one moment. And yet more was to come.

For once in his life, Dick Cutter seized the right moment to do the right thing. One hour later, Miss Euphrosyne Bailey was Mrs. Richard Cutter. She did not know quite how it happened. Clytie told her she had been bullied into it. But oh! such sweet bullying!

"No," said Mr. Richard Cutter, one morning in September of the next year, to Mr. Jack Winfield and his wife (Miss Aurora

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Bailey that was), "I can't stop a minute. We're too busy up at the ranch. The wife has just bought out Wilkinson; and I've got to round up all his stock. I'll see you next month, at Clytie's wedding. Queer, she should have gone off the last, ain't it? Euphrosyne and I are going down to Butte City, Monday, to buy her a present. Know anybody who wants to pay six per cent. for a thousand?"

THE STORY OF ROSINA.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

[*An Incident in the Life of François Boucher.*]

BOUCHER was a grasshopper, and painted—
Rose-water Raphael—en couleur de rose,
The crowned Caprice, whose sceptre, nowise sainted,
Swayed the light realm of ballets and bon-mots;
Ruled the dim boudoir's demi-jour, or drove
Pink-ribboned flocks through some pink-flowered grove.

Once, only once—perhaps the last night's revels
Palled in the after-taste—our Boucher sighed
For that first beauty, falsely named the devil's,
Young-lipped, unlessoned, joyous, and clear-eyed;
Flung down his palette like a weary man,
And sauntered slowly through the Rue Sainte-Anne.

And, as he walked, he tired of god, of goddess,
Nymphs that deny and shepherds that appeal;
Stale seemed the trick of kerchief and of bodice,
Folds that confess, and flutters that reveal;
Then, as he grew more sad and disenchanted,
Forthwith he spied the very thing he wanted.

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So, in the Louvre, the passer-by might spy some
  Arch-looking head, with half-evasive air,
Start from behind the fruitage of Van Huysum,
  Grape-bunch and melon, nectarine and pear.
Here 'twas no Venus of Bactavian city,
But a French girl, young, piquante, bright, and pretty.

Graceful she was, as some slim marsh-flower shaken
  Among the sallows, in the breezy spring;
Blithe as the first blithe song of birds that waken,
  Fresh as a fresh young pear-tree blossoming.
Black was her hair as any blackbird's feather;
Just for her mouth, two rosebuds grew together.

Sloes were her eyes; but her soft cheeks were peaches,
  Hued like an Autumn pippin, where the red
Seems to have burned right through the skin, and reaches
  E'en to the core; and if you spoke, it spread
Up till the blush had vanquished all the brown,
And like two birds the sudden lids dropped down.

As Boucher smiled, the bright black eyes ceased dancing,
  As Boucher spoke, the dainty red eclipse
Filled all the face from cheek to brow, enhancing
  Half a shy smile that dawned around the lips.
Then a shrill mother rose upon the view:
"Cerises, M'sieu? Rosine, dépêchez-vous!"

Deep in the fruit her hands Rosina buries,
  Soon in the scale the ruby bunches lay.
The painter, watching the suspended cherries,
  Never had seen such little fingers play;
As for the arm, no Hebe's could be rounder;
Low in his heart a whisper said, "I've found her."

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"Woo first the mother, if you'd win the daughter!"
Boucher was charmed, and turned to Madame Mère;
Almost with tears of suppliance besought her
Leave to immortalize a face so fair;
Praised and cajoled so craftily that, straightway
Voici Rosina, standing at his gateway.

Shy at the first, in time Rosina's laughter
Rang through the studio as the girlish face
Peeped from some painter's travesty, or after
Showed like an Omphale in a lion's case;
Gay as a thrush, that from the morning dew
Pipes to the light its clear "Réveillez-vous."

Just a mere child with sudden ebullitions,
Flashes of fun and little burst of song,
Petulant pains, and fleeting, pale contritions,
Mute little moods of misery and wrong;
Only a child, of nature's rarest making,
Wistful and sweet, and with a heart for breaking!

Day after day the little loving creature
Came and returned; and still the painter felt,
Day after day, the old theatric nature
Fade from his sight, and like a shadow melt,—
Paniers and powder, pastoral and scene,
Killed by the simple beauty of Rosine.

As for the girl, she turned to her new being,—
Came, as a bird that hears its fellow call;
Blessed, as the blind that blesses God for seeing;
Grew, as a flower on which the sun-rays fall;
Loved if you will; she never named it so:
Love comes unseen, we only see it go.

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There is a figure among Boucher's sketches,
Slim, a child-face, the eyes as black as beads,
Head set askance, and hand that shyly stretches
Flowers to the passer, with a look that pleads.
This was no other than Rosina surely;
None else that Boucher knew could look so purely.

But forth her story, for I will not tarry,
Whether he loved the little "nut-brown maid;"
If, of a truth, he counted this to carry
Straight to the end, or just the whim obeyed,
Nothing we know, but only that before
More had been done, a finger tapped the door.

Opened Rosina to the unknown comer.
'Twas a young girl—"Une pauvre fille," she said;
"They had been growing poorer all the summer;
Father was lame, and mother lately dead;
Bread was so dear, and—oh! but want was bitter,
Would monsieur pay to have her for a sitter?

"Men called her pretty." Boucher looked a minute.
Yes, she was pretty; and her face, beside,
Shamed her poor clothing by a something in it,—
Grace, and a presence hard to be denied;
This was no common offer, it was certain;
"Allez, Rosina! sit behind the curtain."

Meantime the painter, with a mixed emotion,
Drew and re-drew his ill-disguised marquise,
Passed in due time from praises to devotion;
Last when his sitter left him on his knees,
Rose in a maze of passion and surprise,—
Rose, and beheld Rosina's saddened eyes.

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"This was no model, M'sieu, but a lady."
Boucher was silent, for he knew it true.
"Est-ce que vous l'aimez?" Never answer made he,
Ah! for the old love fighting with the new!
"Est-ce que vous l'aimez?" sobbed Rosina's sorrow.
"Bon!" muttered Boucher; "she will come to-morrow."

Woe to Rosina! By to-morrow stricken,
Swift from her life the sun of gold declined.
Nothing remained but those gray shades that thicken,
Cloud and the cold—the loneliness—the wind,
Only a little by the door she lingers,—
Waits, with wrung lip and interwoven fingers.

No, not a sign. Already with the painter
Grace and the nymphs began recovered reign;
Truth was no more, and nature, waxing fainter
Paled to the old sick artifice again.
Seeing Rosina going out to die,
How should he know what fame had passed him by?

Going to die! For who shall waste in sadness,
Shorn to the sun, the very warmth and light,
Miss the green welcome of the sweet earth's gladness,
Lose the round life that only love makes bright.
There is no succor if these things are taken,
None but Death loves the lips by Love forsaken.

So, in a little, when those two had parted,
Tired of himself and weary as before,
Boucher remembering, sick and sorry-hearted,
Stayed for a moment by Rosina's door.
"Ah, the poor child!" the neighbors cry of her,
"Morte, M'sieu, morte! On dit, des peines du cœur!"

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Just for a second, say, the tidings shocked him,
Say, in his eye a sudden tear-drop shone,—
Just for a second a dull feeling mocked him
With a vague sense of something priceless gone;
Then—for at best 'twas but the empty type,
The husk of man with which the days were ripe—

Then he forgot her. But for you that slew her,
You, her own sister, that, with airy ease,
Just for a moment's fancy could undo her,
Pass on your way. A little while, marquise,
Be the sky silent, be the sea serene;
A pleasant passage—à Sainte Guillotine!

As for Rosina—for the quiet sleeper,
Whether stone hides her, or the happy grass,
If the sun quickens, if the dews beweep her,
Laid in the Madeleine or Mont Parnasse—
Nothing we know but that her heart is cold,
Poor beating heart! and so the story's told.

THE TWA SISTERS O' BINNORIE.

THERE were twa sisters sat in a bower
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
A knight cam' there, a noble wooer,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He courted the elder wi' glove and ring
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
But he loved the younger aboon a' thing,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

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The eldest, she was vexèd sair,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And sair envied her sister fair,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Upon a morning fair and clear
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
She cried upon her sister dear,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie:

"O sister, sister! tak' my hand,"
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
"And let's go down to the river strand,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie."

She's ta'en her by the lily hand
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And down they went to the river strand,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The youngest stood upon a stane,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
The eldest cam' and pushed her in,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"O sister, sister! reach your hand!"
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
"And ye s'all be heir o' half my land"—
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"I will not reach you out my hand!"
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
"And I will be heir o' all your lands,"
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

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"O sister, reach me but your glove!"
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
"And sweet William s'all be your love,"
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"Sink! nor hope to have my glove!"
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
"And William will be the better my love,"
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
Till she cam' to the mouth o' yon mill-dam,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Out there cam' the mill- son,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And saw the fair maid soummin' in,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"O father, father! draw your dam!"
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
"There's either a mermaid or a swan,"
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The miller quickly drew the dam,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And there he found a drownèd womàn,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And by there cam' a harper fine,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
Harpèd to nobles when they dine,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

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And when he looked that lady on,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
He sighed and made a heavy moan,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He's ta'en three locks o' her yellow hair,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And wi' them strung his harp sae rare,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He went into her father's hall,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And played his harp before them all,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And sune the harp sang loud and clear,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
"Fareweel, my father and mither dear!"
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And neist the harp began to sing,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
'Twas, "Fareweel, sweetheart!" said the string,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And then, as plain as plain could be,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
"There sits my sister wha drownèd me,"
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

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LORD RONALD'S BRIDE.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

LORD RONALD has come to his halls in Clyde
With a bride of some unknown race;
Compared with a man who would kiss that bride
Wallace wight were a coward base.

Her eyes had the glare of the mountain cat
When it springs on the hunter's spear.
At the head of the board when that ladye sat
Hungry men could not eat for fear.

And the tones of her voice had the deadly growl
Of the bloodhound that scents its prey.
No storm was so dark as that ladye's scowl
Under her tresses of wintry gray.

"Lord Ronald! men marry for love or gold.
Mickle rich must have been thy bride!"
"Man's heart may be bought, woman's hand be sold,
On the banks of our Northern Clyde.

"My bride is, in sooth, mickle rich to me,
Though she brought not a groat in dower;
For her face, couldst thou see it as I do see,
Is the fairest in hall or bower!"

Lord Ronald stood up in King James's court,
And his dame by his dauntless side.
The barons who came in the hopes of sport
Shook with fright when they saw the bride.

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The bishop, though armed with his bell and book,
Grew as white as if turned to stone.
It was only our King who could face that look,
But he spoke with a trembling tone:

"Lord Ronald, the knights of thy race and mine
Should have mates in their own degree.
What parentage, say, hath that bride of thine
Who hath come from the far countree?

"And what was her dowry in gold or land,
Or what was the charm, I pray,
That a comely young gallant should woo the hand
Of the ladye we see to-day?"

And the lords would have laughed, but that awful dame
Struck them dumb with her thunder-frown:
"Saucy King! did I utter my father's name,
Thou wouldst kneel as his liegeman down.

"Though I brought to Lord Ronald nor lands nor gold,
Nor the bloom of a fading cheek;
Yet, were I a widow, both young and old
Would my hand and my dowry seek.

"For the wish that he covets the most below,
And would hide from the saints above,
Which he dares not to pray for in weal or woe,
Is the dowry I bring my love.

"Let every man look in his heart and see
What the wish he most lusts to win,
And then let him fasten his eyes on me
While he thinks of his darling sin."

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And every man—bishop and lord and king—
Thought of that he most wished to win,
And, fixing his eye on that gruesome thing,
He beheld his own darling sin.

No longer a ghoul in that face he saw;
It was fair as a boy's first love.
The voice which had curdled his veins with awe
Was the coo of the woodland dove.

Each heart was on flame for the peerless dame,
At the price of the husband's life.
Bright claymores flash out, and loud voices shout,
"In thy widow shall be my wife."

Then darkness fell over the palace hall.
More dark and more dark it fell,
And a death-groan boomed hoarse underneath the pall
And was drowned amid roar and yell.

When light through the lattice-pane stole once more
It was gray as a wintry dawn,
And the bishop lay cold on the regal floor,
With a stain on his robes of lawn.

Lord Ronald was standing beside the dead.
In the scabbard he plunged his sword;
And with visage as wan as the corpse he said,
"Lo! my ladye hath kept her word.

"Now I leave her to others to woo and win,
For no longer I find her fair.
Could I look on the face of my darling sin,
I should see but a dead man there.

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"And the dowry she brought me is here returned,
For the wish of my heart has died.
It is quenched in the blood of the priest who burned
My sweet mother, the saint of Clyde."

Lord Ronald strode over the stony floor;
Not a hand was outstretched to stay.
Lord Ronald has passed through the gaping door;
Not an eye ever traced his way.

And the ladye left widowed was prized above
All the maidens in hall and bower.
Many bartered their lives for that ladye's love,
And their souls for that ladye's dower.

God grant that the wish which I dare not pray
Be not that which I lust to win,
And that ever I look with my first dismay
On the face of my darling sin!

DOROTHY'S AUCTION.

A. G. PLYMPTON.

MR. THORPE had lost his position at Jonathan Black and Bros., and the question of money became a very perplexing one. To raise the necessary money, therefore, to live on, he sold his watch and various other articles of value. But his books were still in their accustomed places on the shelves, and it broke Dorothy's heart to see him look sadly at them, knowing it was in his mind that these, too, must soon be sacrificed.

"It isn't fair," reflected the little girl, "that all his things should be sold, and that I should keep mine. If I only knew how to sell them I would."

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She had a great many little keepsakes, which had been given to her from time to time by various persons who had been captivated by her gentle beauty and the quaint dignity of her manner. These, one day, she took to a jeweller, who named so small a sum as the price he would be willing to give for them that he himself smilingly advised her not to sell them to him. Just as she was returning from this unsuccessful expedition she noticed a red flag at the house beyond Tommy Dow's, whose owner had recently died.

"That red flag means that there's going to be an auction," said Tommy Dow, who was watching the people mount the steps. "Let's go, too."

"Do you have to pay?" asked Dorothy, discreetly.

Being assured that no such embarrassing demand would be made, she followed Tommy without further ado; and here it was that the bright idea came to her mind that her unsalable wares might be disposed of by auction. A consultation with Tommy ensued, in which he assured her of his ability to act as auctioneer; and then she ran merrily home to look over her possessions.

Spreading them out upon the table, she was really surprised to see how much property she owned. There were nine dolls, a doll's carriage, a bed, and much furniture besides, which, upon being rubbed up, looked nearly as good as new. Some of the dolls she was very loath to part with, particularly a splendid damsel in an æsthetic peacock-green gown, which Dorothy admired very much. But she was determined to allow no favoritism among her children, but dispose of the whole lot at once. Then, besides the toys, there were two dainty bangles, a dear little turquoise pin, a string of amber beads, and a silver watch. In the drawer where these were kept was a small box, tied carefully with a ribbon, which held a valuable ring that had been her mother's. Dorothy drew this forth and examined it, but did not add it to her collection. Her father had given her the ring, with the request that she should keep it carefully until she was old enough to wear it. It must not be sold, therefore, without his permission; and this she could not ask for without speaking of the auction, which she wished to keep

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a secret from him until the proceeds were safely placed in the portemonnaie. And, besides this, there was a tender feeling in Dorothy's heart for the young mother whom she had never known that forbade her to part with the ring.

"It seems as if it would hurt her feelings if I were to sell it. Perhaps she would even think we had forgotten her, but I know if she were here she would willingly give it up to help dear papa."

The auction was to take place on the following day in the basement of Tommy Dow's house. To be exact, it was to take place in the laundry, from the window of which a flaming red flag fluttered gayly in the breeze. There was a placard pasted on the door, too, which was a close imitation of the one which had advertised the previous auction sale, and which began thus: "Auction sale of the household goods of the late Dorothy Thorpe." Then followed such an elaborate catalogue of dolls, dolls' toys, books, games, and the like, that every child on Sunshine Street resolved to be present.

Before the hour arrived Dorothy's idea of politeness led her to make a call upon each person whose gift was to be disposed of, and to explain why she was going to part with their gifts.

The day of the auction proved to be an exceptionally fine one, which must account for the number of persons congregated in the Dow laundry. The tubs had been covered with boards, on which were spread the articles for sale, the latter being carefully inspected by the children, in spite of the auctioneer's watchful eyes, and his repeated commands, "Hands off, ladies and gentlemen! Don't finger the goods!"

The owner of these goods was secreted behind a clothes-horse covered with shawls. That she was an interested spectator was made evident by whispered comments, probably intended for Tommy's ear alone, but distinctly audible to all. Such exclamations as, "Mrs. Le Grand, I declare! in her best black silk!" or "Here comes the Professor, on the lookout for bargains!" put every one in a good humor.

The first object to be disposed of was one of the dolls.

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"Ahem! Ladies and gentlemen, what am I offered for this beautiful Paris doll? A very accomplished lady! Both eyes open and shut, and she says 'mamma' almost as well as a parrot."

"It's got a piece broke off its nose," here interrupted a child's voice; "I saw it."

"Beg your pardon, madam; it's only—er—a—little *retroussée.*"

Upon this cool assertion the presence of the auctioneer was instantly demanded behind the screen, where the following dialogue in loud whispers took place:

"Tommy, she is right. I dropped that doll downstairs, ever so long ago. I want you to tell the truth."

"Pooh! An auctioneer never does *that!* He has got to sell things. Now don't be a goose! That fellow the other day said what he chose, and no one popped up and contradicted."

"Well, but poor Mr. White couldn't pop up, on account of his being dead. He had a splendid excuse, you see, and I haven't any at all."

Presently Tommy reappeared, and the sale went on.

"This beautiful doll, then, has met with an accident, and lost the tip of her nose. I don't think it has injured her looks in the least; and her eyes are in perfect condition; and—and——"

"And she has a *very* affectionate heart," prompted the bereaved mamma.

"A very affectionate heart! Now, ladies and gentlemen, what do you offer me?"

"Ten cents," said a bold little girl in a big hat.

"Ten cents! She offers me *ten* cents for this beautiful Paris doll!"

"Well, twenty-five, then!"

"Twenty-five! Make it fifty! Will you give me fifty? Seventy-five! Dollar? Am I offered dollar?"

"No, indeed, you aren't!" cried the girl with the big hat. "I guess not, for that cracked-up old thing!"

"Dollar? Dollar for this lovely doll! Make it dollar fifty! Gimme thirty—forty—fifty! spluttered Tommy, in an excited

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manner; and, catching a nod, closed with, "This beautiful Paris doll sold to Professor Grumpinson at a dollar and a half!"

"Dear me! Why, what will he do with it?" inquired Dorothy, in an anxious whisper.

"Never you mind! Teach it Greek, for all I care!" And so the sale went on, until poor Dorothy was absolutely childless, the last dolly being borne away by one of her playfellows for the paltry sum of twenty-five cents. Perhaps it had brought all it was worth; but it is a sad thing at eight years to own not a chick nor a child, and Dorothy could not help calling the little girl into her sanctum, where she bestowed a tragic maternal kiss upon her departing darling. After the dolls, the other toys were sold, and then came the keepsakes.

There was one thing about the sale that seemed a curious coincidence to Dorothy, which was that each article should go back into the possession of the original owner. The Professor carried off the bangles he had presented to her with so many pretty speeches on her last birthday; and Mrs. Le Grand bought the watch as well as the pin.

At last everything was sold, and the buyers, laughing and chattering, went their way. Dorothy came out from her hiding-place and gazed in silence around the room. All her pretty things were gone, but there was a bright cheerfulness in her eyes as she counted over the money that had been left in their stead. Fifty dollars! How it would make her papa's heart rejoice!

Tommy, congratulating her on her good luck, gallantly escorted her to her own doorstep, and sped home to describe the sale to his mother.

"And the jolliest part of it is," he said, "that the people have agreed among themselves to return all these things to her on her birthday. Not the children, of course, but they have nothing but rubbish; and so Dorothy will have the money and the things too. That's what it is to be popular!"

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THE ENCHANTED OAK.

O. HERFORD.

BENEATHE an ancient oake one daye
A holye friar kneeled to praye,
Scarce hadde he mumbled Aves three
When lo! a voice within the tree!
Straighte to the friar's hearte it wente,
A voice as of some spirit pente
Within the hollow of the tree
That cried, "Good father, sette me free."

Quothe he, "This hath an evil sounde,"
Ande bent him lower to the grounde.
But ever tho' he prayed, the more
The voice hys pytie dide implore,
Untyl he raised hys eyes ande there
Behelde a mayden ghostlie faire.
Thus to the holy manne she spoke:

"*Within the hollowe of this oak*
"*Enchanted for a hundred yeares,*
"*Have I been bound, yet vain my tears;*
"*Notte anything can breake my banne,*
"*Till I be kissed by holye man.*"

"Woe's me!" thenne sayd the friar, "if thou
"Be sente to tempt me breake my vowe;
"Butte whether mayde or fiende thou be,
"I'll stake my soul to sette thee free."
The holye manne then crossed hym thrice,
And kissed the mayde—when in a trice
She vanished. "Heaven forgive me now,"
Exclaimed the friar, "my broken vowe!

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"If I have sinned, I sinned to save
"Another fromme a living grave."
Thenne downe upon the earth he felle,
And prayed some sign that he might telle
If he were doomèd evermore;
When lo! the oake alle bare before
Put forth a branch of palest greene,
And fruited everywhere betweene,
With waxen berries, pearlie white—
A miracle before hys sight.

The holye friar wente hys waye
And told hys tale. And from thatte daye
It hath been writ that anye manne
May blamelesse kiss what mayde he canne;
Nor anyone shall say hym "no"
Beneath the holye mistletoe.

THE ROSICRUCIAN.

DINAH M. CRAIK.

BASIL WOLGEMUTH lay asleep on his couch. He had outwatched midnight, and was very weary. The follower of Rosencrantz, the philosopher, the man of genius, had not passed the limits of mortality. His earth-vesture clung about him still. Fatigue had overtaken him in the midst of his vigils. He had thrown himself down on the hard pallet, and fallen asleep as sound as if the rude couch of the Rosicrucian were the monarch's bed of down. The morning stars looked in at his casement, and the dim light of a single lamp fell on the countenance of the student. He lay calm as a little child, with folded hands, as if his mother had lulled him to sleep with songs. Oh! if that mother could have beheld him now, how would she have wept over the child of so many prayers!

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There was little beauty in Basil's face—at least that mere beauty of form which is so dazzling. Basil's sole charm had been the genius so plainly visible in his face, and a sunny, youthful, happy look, which made it pleasant to behold. Now, all this was gone; but while he slept a little of his olden self returned; a smile wandered over his lips, and his sunny hair fell carelessly as in days when Isilda's fingers used to part it and kiss his white, beautiful forehead. Suddenly a red glare lighted up the still shadow of the chamber. It flashed on the eyes of the sleeper.

"Art thou here, O Spirit?" murmured Basil, half roused and dazzled by the brilliant light, which seemed a continuation of his dream.

But it was no celestial presence that shone into the student's room. He awoke fully, rose up, and looked out into the night. The city lay hushed beneath the starlight like a palace of the dead.

But far down the dark street, in a direction where Basil's eyes had in former times been fondly turned, waiting for the one solitary lamp which was to him like a star, lurid flames and white smoke burst forth and contended with the gloom around. There was in the city the fearful presence of fire, and the burning house was Isilda's. With a sudden impulse Basil leaped at once through the low window and fled rather than ran to the scene. This time human love had the pre-eminence; he forgot all but Isilda—Isilda perishing in the flames!

Wildly raged the fierce element, as if kindled by a hundred demons, who fanned it with their fiery breath and leaped and howled and shouted as it spread on with mad swiftness. Now it writhed in serpent coils, now it darted upward in forked tongues, and now it made itself a veil of dusky vapors, and beneath that shade went on in its devastating way. House after house caught the blaze, and cries of terror, mingled with shrieks of despair, rose up through the horrible stillness of the night. The beautiful element which Basil had so loved—the cheerful, inspiring fire—was turned into a fearful scourge.

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The student reached the spot and looked wildly up to the window he had so often watched. A passing gust blew the flames aside, and he distinguished there a white figure—it was Isilda. Her hands were crossed on her bosom, and her head was bowed meekly, as if she knew there was no hope and was content to die. Basil saw, and in a moment he had rushed into the burning dwelling. He gained the room, and with a wild cry of joy Isilda sprung into his arms. Without a word he bore her, insensible as she was, through the smoke and flame to a spot where the fire had not reached. He laid his burden down and leaned against the wall.

"I might not live for thee, Isilda," cried the student, "but I can die for thee. Yet is there no help—no hope? Where are the spirits that were once subject unto me? And thou, my guardian spirit of fire! is this thy work? Where art thou?"

"I am here!" answered a voice; and the Salamandrine appeared. The flames drew nearer, and Basil saw myriads of aërial shapes flitting among them in mazy wreaths. They came nigh; they hovered over his mortal love; their robes of seeming flame swept her form.

"Touch her not!" shrieked the student, as he bent over Isilda, his human fear overpowering him.

"The good and pure like her are ever safe," replied the Salamandrine. "We harm her not." And she breathed over the maiden, who awoke.

"O my Basil!" murmured the girl, "is death, then, past? Thou didst come to save me; thou lovest me; thou art mine again!" And she stretched out to him her loving arms; but Basil turned away.

"Hush!" he said, "dost thou not see them—the spirits?"

Isilda looked round fearfully. "I see nothing—only thee."

The student's eyes flashed with insanity. "See!" he cried, "they fill the air; they gather round us; they come between thee and me! Now—now their forms grow fainter—they are vanishing—it is thou, woman, who art driving them from my sight forever! Stay, glorious beings, stay! I give up all—even her."

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"Nothing shall part me from thee!" shrieked the girl, as she clung to her lover, and wound her arms round him. "No power in heaven or earth shall tear us asunder; thou art mine, Basil; let me live for thee, die for thee!"

"Thou shalt have thy desire!" the student cried, as he struggled in her frantic clasp. There was the gleam of steel—one faint bubbling sigh. The arms relaxed their hold, and Basil was alone with the dead.

The fire stayed in its dire path, and a wailing sound rose as the spirits fled away. Heaven and earth had alike forsaken the murderer. He knelt beside his victim; he wept, he laughed, he screamed; for madness was in his brain.

"I may clasp thee now, Isilda," he shouted; "thou art all my own!" And he strained the cold, still form to his breast, kissing the lips and cheeks with passionate vehemence. "I will make thee a pyre, a noble funeral-pyre," he continued. "I will purify this mortal clay, and thou shalt become a spirit, Isilda, a beautiful, immortal spirit."

He bore the dead to where the fire raged fiercest. He laid his beloved on a couch, composed the frigid limbs, folded the hands, and kissing the cold lips once more, retired to a distance, while the flames played round the still, beautiful form that was once Isilda. Lovingly they enwreathed and enshrouded it, until at last they concealed it from the student's gaze. He turned and fled. The fire hid in its mysterious bosom the ashes of that noble and devoted heart. Isilda had found the death she thought so blest—death by the hand of the beloved!

Fearfully did morning dawn on the eyes of the murderer. He had regained his chamber unobserved, and there he crouched in its most gloomy nook. The darkness was terrible to him, and yet when the light of morning came he shrank from it in horror, and buried his face in his garments to shut out the fearful glare. All day he remained motionless. Margareta's loud weeping came to him from within. From her brother's bolted door, she thought he had departed on one of his usual rambles, and Basil heard his

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name repeated often, mingled with Isilda's, whom all supposed to have perished in the flames.

Basil heard his sister's sobs; but they fell idly on his stony ears. He kept the same immovable attitude until daylight waned, and then he rose and lit the fire on his hearth. Brighter and brighter grew the blaze, and wilder gleamed the eyes of the student. He swayed his body to and fro with a low murmuring, and then he passionately invoked the Salamandrine.

"The sacrifice is complete. I have no bond to earth—my desire is free. Why delayest thou, O spirit? Come, teach me; let me know the past. Give me wisdom—I thirst! Let me become as a god in knowledge!"

But the vision came not; there was no voice.

"Spirit of Fire! art thou deaf to me still? I have done all. I have broken every human tie. I have become what men would loathe. Hear me—answer me, or I die!"

Wreaths of dusky vapor overshadowed the fire, and from them proceeded a melancholy voice:

"O mortal, sin has entered thy heart; blood is on thy hand, and the polluted can have no fellowship with the pure. Thine eyes may behold us no more forever!"

A fearful shudder passed through the student's frame.

"It is false! Cursed spirits, ye have deceived me!"

"It is not we who have deceived thee, but thine own soul," answered the Salamandrine. "Thou didst seek us, we allured not thee. Blame not us, therefore, but thy own weakness. Thou hast sinned, and henceforth we are invisible to thee!"

"Woe! woe!" cried Basil, in agony. "Have I, then, lost all? Adorable spirit, guide of my life, have mercy! Forsake me not!"

"I do not forsake thee, O poor mortal!" answered the voice. sadly. "I am here, beautiful and tender as before; but thou art no longer able to behold me. Sin has darkened thine eyes, and thou wilt see me no more forever."

"No more?" echoed the student, in tones of thrilling misery.

"No more!" replied the mournful accents of the Salamandrine;

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and a faint chorus, like the sighing wind, echoed plaintively, "No more, O poor mortal, no more!"

The vapor swept away the fire, and the student was left to his despair.

Two days after the terrible fire, some one who loved and pitied the desolate Margareta forcibly entered her brother's room. They found Basil dead. He lay on the floor, his marble face upturned to their horror-stricken view. There might have been agony in his last moments, for the hands were tightly pressed upon the heart; but all was calmness now. How and when the spirit parted none knew, save Him who gave it and who had now reclaimed the gift. The book of Michael Meyer lay beside the student; and firmly clasped in the stiffened fingers was a long tress of woman's hair. More than this, all was mystery.

Many years after, when the memory of the student of Cologne had long been forgotten, an aged nun died in a convent not far from the city. It was Margareta, the only sister of Basil Wolgemuth, the Rosicrucian.

THE OBSTRUCTIVE HAT IN THE PIT.

F. ANSTEY.

SCENE. The pit of the theatre during pantomime time.

AN OVERHEATED MATRON [*to her husband*]. Well, they don't give you much room hin 'ere, Hi must say. Still, we done better than Hi hexpected, hafter hall that crushin'. Hi thought my ribs was gone once, but hit was honly the humbrella's. You pretty comfortable where you hare, eh, father?

FATHER. Hoh, Hi'm right enough, Hi ham.

JIMMY [*their small boy with a piping voice*]. Hif father his, hit's more nor what Hi ham. Hi can't see, mother, Hi can't!

MOTHER. Lor' bless the boy! There hain't nothin' to see yet;

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you'll see well enough when the curting goes hup. [*Curtain rises on opening scene.*] Look. Jimmy, hain't that nice, now? Hall them himps dancin' round, hand real fire comin' hout hof the pot—which Hi 'ope his quite safe. Hand there's ha beautiful fairy just come hon, dressed so grand, too!

JIMMY [*whimpering*]. Hi can't see no fairy, nor yet no himps—no nothin'!

MOTHER [*annoyed*]. Was there hever such ha haggravatin' child, Set quiet, do, hand don't fidget, hand look hat the hactin'.

JIMMY. Hi tell yer Hi can't see no hactin', mother. Hit hain't my fault, hit's this lady hin front o' me, with the 'at.

MOTHER. Father, the pore boy says 'e can't see where 'e his 'cause hof ha lady's 'at hin front.

FATHER. Well, Hi can't 'elp the 'at, can Hi? 'E must put hup with hit, that's hall!

MOTHER. No, but Hi thought hif you wouldn't mind changin' places with 'im—you're taller than 'im.

FATHER. Hit's halways the way with you—never satisfied, you hain't! Well, pass the boy hacross. Hi'm for ha quiet life, Hi ham [*changing seats*]. Will this do for you? [*He settles down immediately behind a very large furry hat, which he dodges for some time. Suddenly:*] Drat the 'at!

MOTHER You can't wonder hat the boy not seein'! P'raps the lady wouldn't mind takin' hit hoff, hif you hasked 'er.

FATHER. Ah! [*Touches the owner of the hat on the shoulder.*] Hexcuse me, mum, but might Hi take the liberty hof haskin' you to kindly remove your 'at?

[*The owner of the hat deigns no reply.*]

FATHER [*more insistently*]. Would you 'ave hany hobjection to hoblige me by takin' hoff your 'at, mum? [*Same result.*] Hi don't know hif you 'eard me, mum, but Hi've hasked you twice, civil henough, to take that 'at hof yours hoff. Hi'm ha-playin' 'ide-hand-seek be'ind it 'ere! [*No answer.*]

MOTHER. People didn't hought to be hallowed hin the pit with such 'ats! Callin' 'erself ha lady, hand settin' there in ha great 'at

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hand feathers like a 'Ighlander, hand never hanswerin' no more nor ha stuffed himage!

FATHER [*to the husband of the owner of the hat*]. Will you tell your good lady to take 'er 'at hoff, sir, please?

OWNER OF THE HAT [*to her husband*]. Don't you do nothin' hof the sort, Sam, hor you'll 'ear hof hit!

MOTHER. Some people hare perlite, Hi must say! Parties might beyave has ladies when they come hin the pit! Hit's ha pity 'er 'usband can't teach 'er better manners!

FATHER. 'Im teach 'er! 'E knows better. 'E's got ha tartar there, 'e 'as!

OWNER OF THE HAT. Sam, hare you goin' to set by hand 'ear me hinsulted like this?

HUSBAND [*turning round tremulously*]. I—I'll trouble you to drop makin' these personal allusions to my wife's 'at, sir! Hit's pufficky himpossible to listen to what's goin' on, on the stage, with hall these remarks be'ind!

FATHER. Not more nor hit his to see what's goin' hon, hon the stage, with that 'at hin front! Hi paid 'arf ha crown to see the pantomime, Hi did, not to 'ave ha view hof your wife's 'at! 'Ere, Maria, blowed hif Hi can stand this 'ere game hany longer. Jimmy must change places again, hand hif 'e can't see, 'e must stand hup hon the seat, that's hall!

[*Jimmy goes back and mounts upon the seat.*]

A PITTITE BEHIND JIMMY [*touching up Jimmy's father with an umbrella*]. Will you tell your little boy to set down, please, and not block the view like this?

FATHER. Hif you can hindooce that lady to take hoff 'er 'at, Hi will—but not before. Stay where you hare, Jimmy.

THE PITTITE BEHIND. Well, I must stand myself, then, that's all. I mean to see, somehow! [*He rises.*]

PEOPLE BEHIND HIM [*sternly*]. Set down there, will yer?

[*He resumes his seat, expostulating.*]

JIMMY. Father, the man be'ind his ha-pinchin' hof my legs!

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FATHER. Will you stop pinchin' my little boy's legs? 'E hain't doin' you no 'arm, his 'e?

THE PINCHING PITTITE. Let him set down, then!

FATHER. Let the lady take 'er 'at hoff!

MURMURS BEHIND. Order, there! Set down! Put that boy down! Take hof that 'at! Silence in front, there! Turn 'em out! Shame! etc.

HUSBAND [*in a whisper to his wife*]. Take hoff the blessed 'at hand 'ave done with hit, do!

OWNER OF THE HAT. What, now? Hi'd sooner die hin the 'at!

[*An attendant is called.*]

ATTENDANT. Order, there, gentlemen, please, unless you want to get turned out! No standing allowed on the seat; you're disturbing the performance here, you know!

[*Jimmy is made to sit down, and weeps silently. The hubbub subsides, and the owner of the hat triumphs.*]

MOTHER. Never mind, my boy, you shall 'ave mother's seat hin ha minute. Hi dessay, hif hall was known, the lady 'as reasons for keepin' 'er 'at hon, poor thing!

FATHER. Ah! Hi never thought of that! So she may. Very likely 'er 'at won't come hoff—not without 'er 'air!

MOTHER. Ah, well, then we mustn't be 'ard hon 'er.

OWNER OF THE HAT [*removing the obstruction*]. Hi 'ope you're satisfied now, Hi'm sure!

FATHER [*handsomely*]. Better late nor never, mum, hand we take hit kind hof you; though why you shouldn't 'ave done hit hat fust, Hi dunno, for you look ha deal 'an'somer without the 'at than what you did hin hit, don't she, Maria?

OWNER OF THE HAT [*mollified*]. Sam, hask the gentleman be'ind hif 'is boy would like ha ginger-nut.

[*This olive-branch is accepted; compliments pass; cordiality is restored; and the pantomime then proceeds without any further disturbance in the audience.*]

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THE CASKET SCENE.

SHAKESPEARE.

["The Merchant of Venice."]

ACT III., SCENE 2.—PORTIA'S house at Belmont. Three caskets of gold, silver, and lead laid out.

BASSANIO. I am enjoined by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and begone.

PORTIA. To these injunctions every one doth swear,
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

BASS. And so have I addressed me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope!

POR. I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while—
There's something tells me, but it is not love,
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be; so may you miss me.
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn.
I speak too long: but 'tis to peise the time,
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

BASS. Let me choose;

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For, as I am, I live upon the rack.
Come, let me to my fortune and the caskets.
POR. Away, then. I am locked in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa, and the rest, st nd all aloof.
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music. That the comparison
May stand more proper, my eyes shall be the stream,
And wat'ry death-bed for him.

[*Music whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.*]

BASS. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see.
"*Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.*"
That may be meant
Of the fool multitude, that choose by show;
The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damnèd error, but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
Thus ornament is but the guilèd shore
To a most dang'rous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty.
Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee.
"*Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.*"
And well said, too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honorable
Without the stamp of merit?
Oh, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not derived corruptly! and that clear honor
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many, then, should cover that stand bare?

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How many be commanded that command?
And how much honor,
Picked from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnished? "*Much as he deserves*——"
I'll not assume desert.
"*Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.*"
I'll none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man; but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I: Joy be the consequence!

POR. How all the other passions fleet to air!
Oh, love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy;
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

BASS. [*opening the leaden casket*]. What find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit! Here is the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.
[*Reads.*] "You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss."
A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give and to receive;
Yet doubtful whether what I say be true,
Until confirmed, signed, ratified by you.
[*Kneels, kissing her.*]

POR. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand
Such as I am; though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,

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I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high on your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account. But now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;
Which, when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

BASS. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:
But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
Oh, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

LADY GERALDINE'S COURTSHIP.

A ROMANCE OF THE AGE.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

[A poet writes to his friend. Place: A room in Wycombe Hall. Time: Late in the evening.]

DEAR my friend and fellow-student, I would lean my spirit o'er you;
Down the purple of this chamber, tears should scarcely run at will;
I am humbled who was humble! Friend—I bow my head before you!
You should lead me to my peasants—but their faces are too still.

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There's a lady, an earl's daughter; she is proud and she is noble,
And she treads the crimson carpet, and she breathes the perfumed air;
And a kingly blood sends glances up her princely eye to trouble,
And the shadow of a monarch's crown is softened in her hair.

She has voters in the commons, she has lovers in the palace,
And of all the fair court-ladies, few have jewels half as fine.
Oft the prince has named her beauty, 'twixt the red wine and the chalice;
Oh, and what was *I* to love her?—my beloved, my Geraldine!

But because I was a poet, and because the people praised me,
With their critical deduction for the modern writer's fault,
I could sit at rich men's tables—though the courtesies that raised me
Still suggested clear between us the pale spectrum of the salt.

And they praised me in her presence: "Will your book appear this summer?"
Then returning to each other, "Yes, our plans are for the moors;
Then with whisper dropped behind me, "There he is!—the latest comer!
Oh, she only likes his verses!—what is over, she endures."

I grew scornfuller, grew colder, as I stood up there among them,
Till as frost intense will burn you, the cold scorning scorched my brow;
When a sudden silver speaking, gravely cadenced, overrung them,
And a sudden silken stirring touched my inner nature through.

I looked upward and beheld her! With a calm and regnant spirit,
Slowly round she swept her eyelids, and said clear before them all:
"Have you such superfluous honor, sir, that, able to confer it,
You will come down, Mr. Bertram, as my guest to Wycombe Hall?"

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Then she smiled around right childly, then she gazed around right
queenly;
And I bowed—I could not answer! Alternate light and gloom—
While as one who quells the lions, with a steady eye, serenely,
She, with level fronting eyelids, passed out stately from the
room.

Oh, the blessed woods of Sussex! I can hear them still around me,
With their leafy tide of greenery still rippling up the wind!
Oh, the cursed woods of Sussex! where the hunter's arrow found me,
When a fair face and a tender voice had made me mad and
blind!

And there, morning after morning, spite of vows and spite of
sorrow,
Did I follow at her drawing, while the week-days passed along;
Just to feed the swans this noontide, or to see the fawns to-
morrow,
Or to teach the hillside echo some sweet Tuscan in a song.

Then we talked—oh, how we talked! upon all things—substance,
shadow—
Of the sheep that browsed the grasses, of the reapers in the corn,
Of the little children from the schools, seen winding through the
meadow,
Of the poor rich world beyond them, still kept poorer by its
scorn.

She was patient with my talking; and I loved her—loved her certes,
As I loved all heavenly objects, with uplifted eyes and hands!
As I loved pure inspirations, loved the graces, loved the virtues,
In a love content with writing his own name on desert sands.

And this morning, as I sat alone within the inner chamber
With the great saloon beyond it, lost in pleasant thought serene—
For I had been reading Camoëns, that poem, you remember,
Which his lady's eyes are praised in, as the sweetest ever seen;

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As I mused I heard a murmur—it grew deep as it grew longer—
Speakers using earnest language, "Lady Geraldine, you *would!*'
And I heard a voice that pleaded ever on, in accents stronger
As a sense of reason gave it power to make its rhetoric good.

Well I knew that voice—it was an earl's, of soul that matched his station,
Soul completed into lordship, might and right read on his brow;
Very finely courteous, far too proud to doubt his domination
Of the common people, he atones for grandeur by a bow.

And that voice, I heard it pleading, for love's sake, for wealth, position,
For the sake of liberal uses, and great actions to be done;
And she interrupted gently, "Nay, my lord, the old tradition
Of your Normans, by some worthier hand than mine is should be won."

"Ah, that white hand," he said quickly, and in his he either drew it
Or attempted—for with gravity and instance she replied:
"Nay, indeed, my lord, this talk is vain, and we had best eschew it,
And pass on, like friends, to other points less easy to decide."

What he said again, I know not. It is likely that his trouble
Worked his pride up to the surface, for she answered in slow scorn:
"And your lordship judges rightly. Whom I marry shall be noble,
Ay, and wealthy. I shall never blush to think how he was born."

There, I maddened! Her words stung me! Life swept through me into fever,
Was I man or beast? Perhaps so; for the tiger roars when speared;
And I walked on, step by step, along the level of my passion;
O my soul! and passed the doorway to her face, and never feared.

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He had left her, peradventure, when my footstep proved my coming;
But for *her*—she half-arose, then sat, grew scarlet and grew pale.
Oh, she trembled! 'tis so always with a worldly man or woman
In the presence of true spirits, what else *can* they do but quail?

Oh, she fluttered like a tame bird, in among its forest brothers
Far too strong for it! then, drooping, bowed her face upon her hands;
And I spake out wildly, fiercely, brutal truths of her and others!
I, she planted in the desert, swathed her, windlike, with my sands.

"For myself I do not argue," said I, "though I love you, madam;
But for better souls that nearer to the height of yours have trod.
And this age shows, to my thinking, still more infidels to Adam
Than directly, by profession, simple infidels to God.

"What right have you, madam, gazing in your palace mirror daily,
Getting so by heart your beauty which all others must adore,
While you draw the golden ringlets down your fingers, to vow gayly
You will wed no man that's only good to God, and nothing more?

"What right *can* you have God's other works to scorn, despise, revile them
In the gross, as mere men, broadly—not as *noble* men, forsooth;
As mere Pariahs of the outer world, forbidden to assoil them
In the hope of living, dying, near that sweetness of your mouth?

"Have you any answer, madam? If my spirit were less earthly,
If its instrument were gifted with a better silver string,
I would kneel down where I stand, and say, 'Behold me! I am worthy
Of thy loving, for I love thee! I am worthy as a king.'

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"As it is, your ermined pride, I swear, shall feel this stain upon her,
That I, poor, weak, tossed with passion, scorned by me and you again,
Love you, madam, dare to love you, to my grief and your dishonor,
To my endless desolation, and your impotent disdain!"

But at last there came a pause. I stood all vibrating with thunder
Which my soul had used. The silence drew her face up like a call.
Could you guess what word she uttered? She looked up, as if in wonder,
With tears beaded on her lashes, and said, "Bertram!" It was all.

If she had cursed me! But that "Bertram"—why, it lies there on the paper
A mere word, without her accent—and you cannot judge the weight
Of the calm which crushed my passion! I seemed drowning in a vapor,
And her gentleness destroyed me whom her scorn made desolate.

So I fell, struck down before her! Do you blame me, friend, for weakness?
'Twas my strength of passion slew me—fell before her like a stone.
Fast the dreadful world rolled from me, on its roaring wheels of blackness!
When the light came I was lying in this chamber—and alone.

Oh, of course, she charged her lackeys to bear out the sickly burden,
And to cast it from her scornful sight, but not *beyond* the gate;
She was too kind to be cruel, and too haughty not to pardon
Such a man as I; 'twere something to be level to her hate.

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When the sun has dyed the oriel, I depart with no last gazes,
No weak moanings; one word only left in writing for her hands,
Out of reach of all derision, and some unavailing praises,
To make front against this anguish in the far and foreign lands.

Conclusion.

Bertram finished the last pages, while along the silence ever,
Still in hot and heavy splashes, fell the tears on every leaf.
Having ended, he leans backward in his chair, with lips that quiver
From the deep unspoken, ay, and deep unwritten thoughts of grief.

Soh! how still the lady standeth! 'tis a dream—a dream of mercies!
'Twixt the purple lattice-curtains, how she standeth still and pale!
'Tis a vision, sure, of mercies, sent to soften his self-curses,
Sent to sweep a patient quiet o'er the tossing of his wail.

"Eyes," he said, "now throbbing through me! are ye eyes that did undo me?
Shining eyes, like antique jewels set in Parian statue-stone!
Underneath that calm white forehead, are ye ever burning torrid
O'er the desolate sand-desert of my heart and life undone?"

With a murmurous stir uncertain, in the air, the purple curtain
Swelleth in and swelleth out around her motionless, pale brows;
While the gliding of the river sends a rippling noise forever
Through the open casement whitened by the moonlight's slant repose.

Said he, "Vision of a lady! stand there silent, stand there steady!
Now I see it plainly, plainly; now I cannot hope or doubt;
There, the brows of mild repression; there, the lips of silent passion,
Curved like an archer's bow to send the bitter arrows out."

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Ever, evermore the while in a slow silence she kept smiling,
And approached him slowly, slowly, in a gliding measured pace;
With her two white hands extended, as if praying one offended,
And a look of supplication, gazing earnest in his face.

Said he, "Wake me by no gesture, sound of breath, or stir of vesture;
Let the blessed apparition melt not yet to its divine!
No approaching—hush! no breathing! or my heart must swoon to death in
That too utter life thou bringest, O thou dream of Geraldine!"

Ever, evermore the while in a slow silence she kept smiling,
But the tears ran over lightly from her eyes, and tenderly:
"Dost thou, Bertram, truly love me? Is no woman far above me
Found more worthy of thy poet-heart than such a one as I?"

Said he, "I would dream so ever, like the flowing of that river,
Flowing ever in a shadow greenly onward to the sea;
So, thou vision of all sweetness, princely to a full completeness,
Would my heart and life flow onward, deathward, through this dream of thee!"

Ever, evermore the while in slow silence she kept smiling,
While the silver tears ran faster down the blushing of her cheeks;
Then with both her hands infolding both of his, she softly told him:
"Bertram, if I say I love thee, 'tis the vision only speaks."

Softened, quickened to adore her, on his knee he fell before her;
And she whispered low in triumph, "It shall be as I have sworn!
Very rich he is in virtues, very noble—noble, certes;
And I shall not blush in knowing that men call him lowly born!"

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THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

A GOLDSMITH stood within his stall
'Mid pearls and jewels fine:
"The rarest treasure of them all
I prize in thee, Helena, beloved daughter mine!"

In came a gallant cavalier:
"Good-day, fair maid," he cried;
"Good-day to thee, my goldsmith dear,
Make me a costly diadem to deck my lovely bride."

And when the diadem complete
Its blaze of richness flung,
Then mournfully Helena sweet
Upon her arm, when all alone, the glittering circlet hung.

"How wondrous blest the bride will be
Who binds this on her brow!
Ah! had that cavalier sent me
A simple wreath of roses, how happy were I now!"

Ere long in came the cavalier,
The garland viewed, and cried,
"Now make for me, thou goldsmith dear,
A little ring of diamonds to deck my lovely bride."

And when the ring was all complete,
With precious diamonds graced,
Then, mournfully, Helena sweet
Upon her finger, when alone, the sparkling loop half placed.

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"How wondrous blest the bride will be
On whom this ring shall glow!
Ah! had that cavalier on me
One lock of his dark hair bestowed, how happy were I now!"

Ere long in came the cavalier,
Surveyed the ring, and cried:
"Thou hast for me, thou goldsmith dear,
Wrought all these gifts right skilfully, to deck my lovely bride.

"Yet that I may their fitness test,
Draw nigh, fair maid, to me;
On thy form be the proof expressed
Of my love's bridal ornaments—she is as bright as thee."

'Twas on a Sunday morning fair,
And thus the beauteous maid
Was tastefully, with skill and care,
That she might to the church proceed, in her best robes arrayed.

With modest, glowing blushes graced
Did she before him stand.
On her the golden wreath he placed,
Then took her by the hand.

"Helena sweet! Helena dear!
The jest aside I fling;
In thee does that rare bride appear,
For whom I sought the diadem, for whom I sought the ring.

"Where gold and pearls and jewels shine,
Thy childhood here has fled;
Be that to thee prophetic sign,
That thou to loftiest honors must now by me be led."

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ALICE DU CLOS.

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

"THE sun is not yet risen,
But the dawn lies red on the dew;
Lord Julian has stolen from the hunters away,
Is seeking, lady, for you.
Put on your dress of green,
Your buskins and your quiver;
Lord Julian is a hasty man,
Long waiting brooked he never.
I dare not doubt him, that he means
To wed you on a day,
Your lord and master for to be,
And you his lady gay.
O lady, throw your book aside!
I would not that my lord should chide."

Thus spake Sir Hugh, the vassal knight,
To Alice, child of old Du Clos,
As spotless, fair, as airy light
As that moon-shiny doe,
The gold star on its brow, her sire's ancestral crest!
For ere the lark had left his nest
She in the garden bower below
Sate loosely wrapt in maiden white,
Her face half drooping from the sight—
A snowdrop on a tuft of snow!

Oh, Alice could read passing well,
And she was conning then
Dan Ovid's mazy tale of loves,
And gods, and beasts, and men.

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The vassal's speech, his taunting vein,
It thrilled like venom through her brain;
Yet never from her book
She raised her head, nor did she deign
The knight a single look.

"Off, traitor friend! how dar'st thou fix
Thy wanton gaze on me?
And why, against my earnest suit,
Does Julian send by thee?

"Go! tell thy lord that slow is sure,
Fair speed his shafts to-day.
I follow here a stronger lure,
And chase a gentler prey,"

She said. And with a baleful smile
The vassal knight reeled off,
Like a huge billow from a bark
Toiled in the deep sea-trough.

And Alice sat with troubled mien
A moment, for the scoff was keen
And through her veins did shiver!
Then rose and donned her dress of green,
Her buskins, and her quiver.
With tear-drop glittering to a smile,
The gay maid on the garden stile
Mimics the hunter's shout:
"Hip! Florian, hip! To horse! to horse!
Go! bring the palfrey out!

"My Julian's out with all his clan,
And, bonny boy, you wis,
Lord Julian is a hasty man,
Who lates comes, comes amiss."

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Now, Florian was a stripling squire,
A gallant boy of Spain,
That tossed his head in joy and pride
Behind his lady fair to ride,
But blushed to hold her train.

The huntress is in her dress of green,
And forth they go; she with her bow,
Her buskins and her quiver!
The squire—no younger e'er was seen—
With restless arm and laughing een,
He makes his javelin quiver.

And had not Ellen stayed the race,
And stopped to see, a moment's space,
The whole great globe of light
Give the last parting kiss-like touch
To the eastern ridge, it lacked not much
They had o'erta'en the knight.

It chanced that up the covert lane
Where Julian waiting stood,
A neighbor knight pricked on to join
The huntsmen in the wood.

And with him must Lord Julian go,
Though with an angered mind;
Betrothed not wedded to his bride,
In vain he sought, 'twixt shame and pride,
Excuse to stay behind.

He bit his lip, he wrung his glove,
He looked around, he looked above,
But pretext none could find or frame!
Straight from the forest's skirt the trees
O'erbranching made an aisle,
Where hermit old might pace and chaunt
As in a minster's pile.

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From underneath its leafy screen,
And from the twilight shade,
You pass at once into a green,
A green and lightsome shade.

And there Lord Julian sate on steed;
Behind him, in a round,
Stood knight and squire and menial train;
Against the leash the greyhounds strain,
The horses pawed the ground.

When up the alley green, Sir Hugh
Spurred in upon the sward,
And mute, without a word, did he
Fall in behind his lord.

Lord Julian turned his steed half round:
"What! did not Alice deign
To accept your loving convoy, knight?
Or doth she fear our woodland sleight,
And joins us on the plain?"

With stifled tones the knight replied,
And looked askance on either side:
"Nay, let the hunt proceed.
The lady's message that I bear,
I guess would scantly please your ear,
And less deserves your heed.

"You sent betimes. Not yet unbarred
I found the middle door;
Two stirrers only met my eyes,
Fair Alice and one more.

"I came unlooked for, and, it seemed,
In an unwelcome hour;
And found the daughter of Du Clos
Within the latticed bower.

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"But hush! the rest may wait. If lost,
No great loss I divine;
And idle words will better suit
A fair maid's lips than mine."

"God's wrath! speak out, man!" Julian cried,
O'ermastered by the sudden smart,
And feigning wrath, sharp, blunt, and rude,
The knight his subtle shift pursued.

"Scowl not at me; command my skill
To lure your hawk back, if you will,
But not a woman's heart.
'Go!' said she, 'tell him slow is sure,
Fair speed his shafts to-day!
I follow here a stronger lure,
And chase a gentler prey.'

"The game, pardie, was full in sight,
That then did, if I saw aright,
The fair dame's eyes engage;
For turning, as I took my ways,
I saw them fixed with steadfast gaze
Full on her wanton page."

The last word of the traitor knight
It had but entered Julian's ear—
From two o'erarching oaks between,
With glistening helmlike cap is seen,
Borne on in giddy cheer,

A youth, that ill his steed can guide;
Yet with reverted face doth ride,
As answering to a voice,
That seems at once to laugh and chide:
"Not mine, dear mistress," still he cried,
"'Tis this mad filly's choice."

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With sudden bound, beyond the boy,
See! see! that face of hope and joy!
That regal front! those cheeks aglow!
Thou needed'st but the crescent sheen,
A quivered Dian to have been,
Thou lovely child of old Du Clos!

Dark as a dream Lord Julian stood,
Swift as a dream from forth the wood,
Sprang on the plighted maid!
With fatal aim, and frantic force,
The shaft was hurled—a lifeless corse,
Fair Alice from her vaulting horse,
Lies bleeding on the ground.

KING LEAR.

SHAKESPEARE.

ACT I., SCENE 1.—KING LEAR'S Palace.

LEAR. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.
Give me the map there. Know that we have divided
In three our kingdom; and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburdened crawl toward death. Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answered. Tell me, my daughters
(Since now we will divest us both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state),

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Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge. Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

GONERIL. Sir, I love you more than word can wield the matter,
Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor;
As much as child e'er loved, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable,
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

CORDELIA [*aside*]. What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent.

LEAR. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains riched,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady; to thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual. What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall?

REGAN. I am made of that self-metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short—that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense possesses;
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

COR. [*aside*]. Then poor Cordelia!
And yet not so; since I am sure my love's
More richer than my tongue.

LEAR. To thee and thine hereditary ever
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that conferred on Goneril. Now, our joy,
Although our last, not least; to whose young love
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy

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Strive to be interested: what can you say to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.
COR. Nothing, my lord.
LEAR. Nothing?
COR. Nothing.
LEAR. Nothing will come of nothing; speak again.
COR. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth. I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more nor less.
LEAR. How, how, Cordelia? Mend your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes.
COR. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, loved me; I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honor you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.
LEAR. But goes thy heart with this?
COR. Ay, my good lord.
LEAR. So young and so untender?
COR. So young, my lord, and true.
LEAR. Let it be so: thy truth, then, be thy dower.
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night,
By all the operation of the orbs
From whom we do exist, and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee from this forever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes

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To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbored, pitied, and relieved,
As thou, my sometime daughter.

KENT. Good my liege——

LEAR. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
I loved her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery. [*To* CORDELIA.]
Hence, and avoid my sight!
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her! Call France. Who stirs?
Call Burgundy. Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest the third.
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Preëminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustained, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
The name, and all the additions to a king;
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
Belovèd sons, be yours, which, to confirm,
This coronet part between you.
[*Giving the crown.*]

KENT. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honored as my king,
Loved as my father, as my master followed,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers——

LEAR. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

KENT. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart; be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man?
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honor's bound,

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When majesty falls to folly. Reverse thy doom,
And in thy best consideration check
This hideous rashness. Answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.

LEAR. Kent, on thy life, no more!

KENT. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being motive.

LEAR. Out of my sight!

KENT. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

LEAR. Now, by Apollo——

KENT. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

LEAR. O vassal! miscreant!
[*Laying hand on sword.*]

ALB., CORN. Dear sir, forbear.

KENT. Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamor from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.

LEAR. Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance, hear me!
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow
(Which we durst never yet), and with strained pride
To come betwixt our sentence and our power
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear),
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world;
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom; if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banished trunk be found in our dominions,

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The moment is thy death. Away! by Jupiter,
This shall not be revoked.

KENT. Fare thee well, king; sith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.

[*To* CORDELIA.] The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
That justly think'st and hast most rightly said!

[*To* REGAN *and* GONERIL.] And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of love.
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
He'll shape his old course in a country new. [*Exit.*]

[*Enter* GLOSTER, *with* FRANCE, BURGUNDY, *and Attendants.*]

GLOSTER. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

LEAR. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address toward you, who with this king
Hath rivalled for our daughter: What, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

BURGUNDY. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offered,
Nor will you tender less.

LEAR. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fallen. Sir, there she stands;
If aught within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure pieced,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

BUR. I know no answer.

LEAR. Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dowered with our curse, and strangered with our oath,
Take her or leave her?

BUR. Pardon me, royal sir,
Election makes not up in such conditions.

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LEAR. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. [*To* FRANCE.] For you, great king,
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed
Almost to acknowledge hers.
FRANCE. This is most strange!
That she, who even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
The best, the dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favor! Sure her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree
That monsters it, or your fore-vouched affection
Fallen into taint; which, to believe of her,
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.
COR. I yet beseech your majesty
(If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend
I'll do't before I speak) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonored step,
That hath deprived me of your grace and favor;
But even the want of that for which I am richer,
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
As I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.
LEAR. Better thou
Hadst not been born than not t' have pleased me better.
FRANCE. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do? My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love's not love

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When it is mingled with regards that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

BUR. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself proposed,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

LEAR. Nothing; I have sworn; I am firm.

BUR. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father
That you must lose a husband.

COR. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

FRANCE. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor,
Most choice, forsaken, and most loved, despised,
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon!
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflamed respect!
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
Can buy this unprized precious maid of me.
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou losest here, a better where to find.

THE FIRST QUARREL.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

DOCTOR, if you can wait, I'll tell you the tale o' my life.
When Harry an' I were children, he called me his own little wife.
I was happy when I was with him, an' sorry when he was away,
An' when we played together, I loved him better than play.

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He workt me the daisy chain; he made me the cowslip ball;
He fought the boys that were rude, an' I loved him better than all.
Passionate girl though I was, an' often at home in disgrace,
I never could quarrel with Harry—I had but to look in his face.

There was a farmer in Dorset of Harry's kin, that had need
Of a good stout lad at his farm; he sent, an' the father agreed;
So Harry was bound to the Dorsetshire farm for years an' for years;
I walked with him down to the quay, poor lad, an' we parted in tears.
The boat was beginning to move; we heard them a-ringing the bell,
"I'll never love any but you, God bless you, my own little Nell!"

An' years went on till I that was little had grown so tall,
The men would say of the maids, "Our Nelly's the flower of 'em all."
I didn't take no heed o' *them*, but I taught myself all I could
To make a good wife for Harry, when Harry came home for good.

Often I seemed unhappy, an' often as happy, too,
For I heard it abroad in the fields—"I'll never love any but you;"
"I'll never love any but you," the morning song of the lark,
"I'll never love any but you," the nightingale's hymn in the dark.

An' Harry came home at last, but he looked at me sidelong an' shy,
Vexed me a bit, till he told me that so many years had gone by,
I had grown so handsome an' tall that I might ha' forgot him somehow,
For he thought—there were other lads—he was feared to look at me now.

Hard was the frost in the field, we were married o' Christmas Day,
Married among the red berries, an' all as merry as May.
Those were the pleasant times, my house an' my man were my pride,
We seemed like ships i' the channel, a-sailing with wind an' tide.

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But work was scant in the Isle, though he tried the villages round,
So Harry went over the Solent to see if work could be found;
An' he wrote: "I ha' six weeks' work, little wife, so far as I know;
I'll come for an hour to-morrow, an' kiss you before I go."

So I set to righting the house, for wasn't he coming that day?
An' I hit on an old deal-box that was pushed in a corner away;
It was full of old odds an' ends, an' a letter along wi' the rest,
I had better ha' put my naked hand in a hornet's nest!

"Sweetheart"—this was the letter, this was the letter I read—
"You promised to find me work near you, an' I wish I was dead.
Didn't you kiss me an' promise? You haven't done it, my lad;
An' I almost died o' your going away, an' I wish that I had."

I, too, wish that I had, in the pleasant times that had past,
Before I quarrelled with Harry—my quarrel—the first an' the last.
For Harry came in, an' I flung him the letter that drove me wild,
An' he told me all at once, as simple as any child:

"What can it matter, my lass, what I did wi' my single life?
I ha' been as true to you as ever a man to his wife;
An' *she* wasn't one o' the worst." "Then," I said, "I'm none o' the best."
An' he smiled at me, "Ain't you, my love? Come, come, little wife, let it rest!

"The man isn't like the woman; no need to make such a stir."
But he angered me all the more, an' I said: "You were keeping with her,
When I was a-loving you all along an' the same as before."
An' he didn't speak for a while, an' he angered me more an' more.

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Then he patted my hand in his gentle way, "Let bygones be!"
"Bygones! you kept yours hushed," I said, "when you married me!
Bygones may be come-agains. I hate her—an' I hate you!"
Ah, Harry, my man, you had better ha' beaten me black an' blue,
Than ha' spoken so kind as you did, when I was so crazy wi' spite;
"Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it'll all come right."

An' he took three turns in the rain, an' I watched him, an' when he came in
I felt that my heart was hard—he was all wet thro' to the skin,
An' I never said, "Off wi' the wet;" I never said, "On wi' the dry,"
So I knew my heart was hard, when he came to bid me good-by.
"You said that you hated me, Ellen, but that isn't true, you know;
I am going to leave you a bit—you'll kiss me before I go?"

"Going! you're going to her—kiss her—if you will," I said;
"I had sooner be cursed than kissed!" I didn't know well what I meant,
But I turned my face from him, an' he turned his face, an' he went.

An' then he sent me a letter: "I've gotten my work to do;
You wouldn't kiss me, my lass, an' I never loved any but you.
I am sorry for all the quarrel an' sorry for what she wrote.
I ha' six weeks' work in Jersey, an' go to-night by the boat."

An' the wind began to rise, an' I thought of him out at sea,
An' I felt I had been to blame; he was always kind to me.
"Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it'll all come right—"
An' the boat went down that night—the boat went down that night.

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THE RINGER'S VENGEANCE.

HENRY ABBEY.

IN Florence, years ago, there dwelt a youth,
Broad-shouldered, fair in face, and tall and strong,
Plighted to one he loved in very truth—
A lady proud, whose black hair, fine and long,
Some said was like a flag, that waved or fell
Above her heart's deceitful citadel.

To these the days were bright, as days may be
To all who love as lovers always should;
But one fell night a cry of dread ran free,
And his beloved in deadly peril stood:
About her house the hot flames roared and broke
In waves of fire that dashed a spray of smoke.

Prone on the seat within her oriel
The lady sank: then he, her lover, came
And lowered her to the street; but it befell
That, as he turned back 'mid the leaping flame,
The roof fell in, and to the crackling floor
The heavy beams his sturdy body bore.

They brought him forth all bleeding, burned, and crushed,
And long he lay, and neither stirred nor spoke;
Nor yet by wayward death his heart was hushed,
But seemed a blacksmith pounding stroke by stroke,
And working on through night from sun to sun,
Until his fateful labor should be done.

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"My love," thus mused the youth, "will love me well;
She will be true and kind to me, I know,
And life will brim with sunshine where we dwell;
All's for the best, since God has willed it so.
I long once more to see her sweet and fair,
And kiss the ripples of her mouth and hair.

"Dear love! she will behold me with her heart,
And pity me, because my lot is hard;
She will not look upon this outer part
That for her sake is crippled and is scarred."
False hope, poor heart! for, when the lady came,
She turned away with loathing to her shame.

As one in swamps sees fireflies flare in gloom,
And fancies them the street-lights of a town
Whose spires and domes among the shadows loom,
Yet finds at dawn but lowland, so came down
The hope-built future, and the sufferer found
Beneath his feet the waste and useless ground.

Yet Sorrow brings no dagger in her hand
To slay the heart with whom she comes to dwell;
The youth lived on, and he was wont to stand
Before a church and listen to the bell
That in a great spire, bright with golden gloss,
Laughed from its yellow throat beneath the cross.

Then loss of wealth with other trouble fell,
And for a beggar's pittance he became
The ringer of the wide-mouthed, thick-lipped bell,
Whose noisy somersets he made proclaim
Vespers or mass or lovers to be wed,
Or pulled it with large pity for the dead.

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And now they bade him ring a joyful peal,
For she who once had filled his heart with pain
Before the altar 'neath the bell would kneel
And wed another. Then for good or bane,
There came two spirits out of east and west,
And wrestled fiercely in the ringer's breast.

All the night long before the wedding-morn
He in the belfry stayed and worked, dark-browed,
And, as he looked forth, when the day was born,
The better spirit in his heart was cowed.
The nails were drawn, the beams made weak at last
That once had held the great bell firm and fast.

The ringer saw the landscape, and to him
It was a cup, and there the red sun stood,
A drop of splendid wine upon the rim,
And clouds arose, clothed on with cloak and hood,
And, with stained lips at the crimson brink,
Seemed monstrous genii who had come to drink.

They came in time with followers in a file,
The happy bridegroom and the smiling bride;
They passed the portal, and came up the aisle,
And knelt down at the altar side by side.
The bride looked up beneath her veil of lace,
And saw with fear the ringer's livid face.

Then sprang he to the rope to ring her knell,
With all the bitter anger of his soul;
The huge inverted lily of the bell
Shook in the gust, and, with a last loud toll,
Fell from its place, and, echoing near and wide,
Crushed 'neath its weight the ringer and the bride.

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Revenge is base and bitter at the core,
And in a noble mind will never grow;
Yet there are times when it is something more,
And is almost like justice—for we know
That there are wrongs so deep there seems no cure,
Save in dire retribution swift and sure.

Yet meek Forgiveness, in her gentle reign,
Repays in time, in dividends of good.
Who doubts that, had the ringer borne his pain,
He had obtained the noblest brotherhood?
For wrongs that are forgiven in our sin
Are doors where loving angels enter in.

A TRUE BOSTONIAN.

A SOUL from earth to heaven went, to whom the saint, as he drew near,
Said: "Sir, what claims do you present to be admitted here?"

"In Boston I was born and bred, and in her schools was educated;
I afterward at Harvard read, and was with honors graduated.
"In Trinity a pew I own, where Brooks is held in such respect,
And the society is known to be the cream of the select.

"In fair Nahant—a charming spot—I own a villa, lawns, arcades,
And, last, a handsome burial-lot in dear Mt. Auburn's hallowed shades."

St. Peter mused and shook his head; then, as a gentle sigh he drew,
"Go back to Boston, friend," he said, "heaven isn't good enough for you."

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ROMEO AND JULIET.

SHAKESPEARE.

ACT II., SCENE 5.—JULIET'S Chamber.

[*Enter* JULIET.]

JULIET. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him—that's not so.
Oh, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams
Driving back shadows over low'ring hills.
Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve,
Is three long hours—yet she is not come.
Had she affections, and warm, youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me.

[*Enter* NURSE.]

Oh, heaven! she comes. Oh, honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met him?
Now, good sweet nurse—Oh, lord, why look'st thou sad?

NURSE. I am a-weary; let me rest awhile:

[JULIET *brings chair;* NURSE *sits.*]

Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

JUL. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news!
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak! Good, good nurse, speak!

NURSE. Marry, what haste! can you not stay awhile?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

JUL. How art thou out of breath when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?

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The excuse that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good or bad? Answer to that!
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance;
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

NURSE. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man. Go thy ways, wench—serve heaven! What, have you dined at home?

JUL. No, no; but
What says he of our marriage? What of that?

NURSE. Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back! o' t'other side! Oh, my back, my back!
Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

JUL. I' faith, I'm sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

NURSE. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And I warrant, a virtuous—where's your mother?

JUL. Where is my mother? Why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest,
"Your love says like an honest gentleman—
Where is your mother?"

NURSE. Oh, our lady dear!
Are you so hot? Marry, come up! I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

JUL. Here's such a coil! Come, what says Romeo?

[JULIET *comes to right of* NURSE'S *chair, coaxing her;* NURSE *flaunts round, left.* JULIET *passes behind chair to left.* NURSE *turns back to right.* JULIET *steals round to right, and throws herself at* NURSE'S *feet.*]

NURSE. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

JUL. I have.

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NURSE. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence's cell;
There stays a husband to make you a wife;
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks!
Hie you to church; I must another way
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark.
Go! I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

JUL. Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell!

HANGING A PICTURE.

JEROME K. JEROME.

YOU never saw such a commotion up and down a house in all your life as when my Uncle Podger undertook to do a job. A picture would have come home from the frame-maker's and be standing in the dining-room waiting to put up; and Aunt Podger would ask what was to be done with it, and Uncle Podger would say:

"Oh, you leave that to *me*. Don't you, any of you, worry yourselves about that. I'll do all that."

And then he would take off his coat and begin. He would send the girl out for sixpen'orth of nails, and then one of the boys after her to tell her what size to get; and from that he would gradually work down, and start the whole house.

"Now, you go and get me the hammer, Will," he would shout; "and you bring me the rule, Tom; and I shall want the step-ladder, and I had better have a kitchen-chair, too; and, Jim, you run round to Mr. Goggles and tell him, 'Pa's kind regards, and hopes his leg's better, and will he lend him his spirit-level?' And don't you go, Maria, because I shall want somebody to hold me the light; and when the girl comes back, she must go out again for a bit of picture-cord; and Tom—where's Tom? Tom, you come here; I shall want you to hand me up the picture."

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And then he would lift up the picture, and drop it, and it would come out of the frame, and he would try to save the glass, and cut himself; and then he would spring round the room, looking for his handkerchief. He could not find his handkerchief, because it was in the pocket of the coat he had taken off, and he did not know where he had put the coat, and all the house had to leave off looking for his tools and start looking for his coat, while he would dance round and hinder them.

"Doesn't anybody in the whole house know where my coat is? I never came across such a set in all my life—upon my word I didn't! Six of you, and you can't find a coat that I put down not five minutes ago! Well, of all the——"

Then he'd get up and find that he had been sitting on it, and would call out:

"Oh, you can give it up! I've found it myself now. Might just as well ask the cat to find anything as expect you people to find it."

And when half an hour had been spent in tying up his finger, and a new glass had been got, and the tools, and the ladder, and the chair, and the candle had been brought, he would have another go, the whole family, including the girl and the charwoman, standing around in a semicircle ready to help. Two people would have to hold the chair, and a third would help him on it and hold him there, and a fourth would hand him a nail, and a fifth would pass him up the hammer, and he would take hold of the nail and drop it.

"There!" he would say, in an injured tone, "now the nail's gone."

And we would all have to go down on our knees and grovel for it, while he would stand on the chair and grunt and want to know if he was to be kept there all the evening. The nail would be found at last, and by that time he would have lost the hammer.

"Where's the hammer? What did I do with the hammer? Great heavens! Seven of you gaping round there, and you don't know what I did with the hammer!"

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We would find the hammer for him, and then he would have lost sight of the mark he had made on the wall where the nail was to go in, and each of us had to get up on a chair beside him and see if we could find it; and we would each discover it in a different place, and he would call us all fools, one after another, and tell us to get down. And he would take the rule and remeasure and find that he wanted it half of thirty-one and three-eighths inches from the corner, and would try to do it in his head and go mad. And we would all try to do it in our heads, and all arrive at different results, and sneer at one another; and in the general row the original number would be forgotten, and Uncle Podger would have it to measure it again.

He would use a bit of string this time, and at the critical moment, when he was leaning over the chair at an angle of forty-five degrees, and was trying to reach a point three inches beyond what was possible for him to reach, the string would slip and down he would slide on to the piano—a really fine musical effect being produced by the suddenness with which his head and body struck all the notes at the same time. And Aunt Maria would say that she would not allow the children to stand around and hear such language.

At last Uncle Podger would get the spot fixed again, and put the point of the nail on it with his left hand, and take the hammer in his right hand, and with the first blow he would smash his thumb and drop the hammer, with a yell, on somebody's toes. Aunt Maria would mildly observe that next time Uncle Podger was going to hammer a nail into the wall she hoped he'd let her know in time so that she could make arrangements to go and spend a week with her mother while it was being done.

"Oh! you women, you make such a fuss over everything," Uncle Podger would reply, picking himself up. "Why, I *like* doing a little job of this sort."

And then he would have another try, and, at the second blow, the nail would go clean through the plaster, and half the hammer after it, and Uncle Podger be precipitated against the wall with

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force nearly sufficient to flatten his nose. Then we had to find the rule and the string again, and a new hole was made; and about midnight the picture would be up, very crooked and insecure, the wall for yards around looking as if it had been smoothed down with a rake, and everybody dead beat and wretched except Uncle Podger.

"There you are," he would say, stepping heavily off the chair on to the charwoman's corns, and surveying the mess he had made with evident pride. "Why, some people would have had a man in to do a little thing like that!"

ANSELMO, THE PRIEST.

CONSTANCE FAUNT LE ROY RUNCIE.

[NOTE.—Evening shades are gathering, the worshippers and priests have withdrawn, and in the dimly-lighted and deserted church Anselmo lies at the foot of the Cross, writhing in spiritual agony. He speaks:]

"SHALL I, a priest of God, live on in sin?
O heart of mine, break, break! but own it not.
Thy vows remember, consecrated soul!
Accept the stripes laid on thee quivering hot.

"It is too much; too much is asked of me;
I have no strength. Forgive, O mighty God!
For I am spent with oft-repeated fasts,
And faint beneath the chastening of Thy rod.

"I saw her here again, I always see her;
The lovely face that ever haunts me so;
'Twas early mass—were others here beside her?
Alas! I saw but her; I do not know.

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"Lo, at the Sacred Cross I'll kneel and pray;
It may be Christ, the Son of God, will hear,
And drive the devil from my hungry heart,
And let me feel His holy presence near.

"They tell me I can sing; men praise my voice;
They say 'tis rare—that people come to hear;
And once, when chanting through the aisle, we came
Close where she sat, I saw her shed a tear.

"So close were we my vestments touched her sleeve;
I thrilled with hottest joy, and walked on panting.
Her lover! Yes, although she only thought
It was the priest absorbed in holy chanting.

"Oh, mercy, Lord! have mercy on my soul!
I am the priest; shall I forget my vow?
I will do penance—fast—keep vigil—pray—
If only I may claim Thy help now—now!

"For Satan comes! I hear his whisper vile:
Why, this I've often thought before—yes, yes—
That I might use this voice men call so grand,
And win, with her, both honor and success.

"Then I will go! I'll fly this very night!
O eyes so dear! O lips! O form divine!
O ecstasy of bliss! Surpassing sweet
The hope to win. Ye must—ye shall be mine!

. . . . . .

"I must have fainted here, and lain all night
Prone at the sacred feet on floor of stone;
For I am giddy still; the early dawn
Doth barely show me church, silent and lone.

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"This is a holy day; the faithful soon
Will come sins to confess; I must within,
And hear the weary wrongs of souls, and then
Absolve them from their heavy yoke of sin.

"For I am still the priest! Last night I dreamed.
Though faint and spent, though pitifully weak,
No food shall pass my lips this day; no words
Aught save my sacred office bids me speak.

"This kind goeth not forth except men fast
And pray. Then hear me while I fast and pray,
Absolving me from sin. I will not leave
These sacred walls upon this holy day.

"But some one comes: some poor, sin-stricken soul,
Who through the early dawn doth softly steal,
And seeks in holy church confessional,
On penitential stool to meekly kneel.

"My daughter, what is this you would confess?
A sinful love? (O heart, be still!) And he
A priest, you say? I stifle! Help me breathe!
A priest? Oh—no—no—no! This shall not be!

"This is a mortal sin; pray God—I can
No more—a sudden sickness hath come o'er,—
Go, daughter, go! Yet stay! 'Tis mortal sin,
Yet tell me which, *which* priest, I do implore!

"Hush! Whisper low his name. Father Anselmo,
The pale and holy priest of God, whose voice
Is more than seraph-sweet, whose glorious song
Must make the angels, high in Heaven, rejoice.

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"'Tis she!—my love!—'tis she! Anselmo I—
She loves me; her sweet lips have breathed it low.
I think my heartstrings break, I drink her breath,
I cannot speak—she must in silence go.

"I hear her weeping—mercy—mercy, Christ!
How can I let her go? One word, O Lord,
To tell my love I love; one little word;
Then take my heart and plunge Thy flaming sword!

"She's weeping still! Ha!—mercy—mercy!
O my love! O merciful heaven, hear!
Help—help—help! My heart is dying—O Christ!
How can I live and not kiss 'way that tear?

"Weep on, weep on! My heart is crucified,
And nailed upon the Cross, stabbed through and through!
I cannot move, I am a priest of God,
And to my sacred vows I will be true."

. . . . . .

'Twas yet scarce day when in the church came chanting
The Orders holy—no other soul was there.
They, later, found their young and gifted brother
Anselmo, dead in his confessional chair.

A NEGRO SERMON ON MEMORY.

BERLUBBED BREDEREN AND SISTERN: De mem'ry ob man am mighty treacherous and onreliable. I has noticed dat hit am mightily affected by money. Ef yer lends a man a dollar hit am berry apt ter ruin his mem'ry. Howsumebber, hit's not always de mem'ry ob de borrower what am poor, so much as de man hisself. I has read in de papers dat terbacker causes loss ob mem'ry. Ef dat am so, dar's lots ob folks in dis heah congrega-

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shun what uses terbacker jess before dey comes ter der Tabernacle, because dey allers forgets ter bring any small change wid 'em.

Some folks has mem'ries like sieves what holds de chaff and 'lows de flour ter 'scape; and right heah I wants ter call 'tenshun ter de cur'us mem'ries ob some ob de members ob dis heah congregashun. When dey gits up ter tell 'bout der 'ligious 'sperience dey don't 'member more dan half de debblement dey has been up ter. I'se alludin' ter you in pertickler, Brudder Webster. Ole Uncle Mose, ober dar in de amen corner, has got jess dat sort ob a mem'ry. When hit's time ter pay yer pew rent yer kaint 'member whar I libs, but you nebber forgits jess whar de dram-shop am located! You am one ob dem niggahs what forgits one minit what yer gwinter say de next.

Speakin' ob mem'ries reminds me ob sumfin what I read in de *Arkansaw Trabbeler*. Hit ran disserway:

"Cap'n," says a grocery-keeper, addressin' a well-known gennerman, "do you 'member dat sack ob flour you ordered some time ago?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I 'members hit."

"I dessay, but I don't 'member dat you ebber paid me for hit."

"My dear sir, I ain't 'sponsible for your pore mem'ry. I has 'membered my part ob hit. Good mawnin', sah."

Some folks has no trubble forgittin' things. I dessay dat Sister Matildy Snowball, who am sittin' near de doah, when she goes home from church kaint 'member de tex', but when she begins ter talk 'bout what de female members ob dis congregashun had on in de way ob close, her mem'ry improves while she talks. I axed her one day what de tex' was on de previous Sunday, but she had done forgot hit; but a while arterward she tole Swayback Jane, who takes in washin,' dat de yaller chimpanzee (meaning a lady friend) had on her last yeah's bonnet, a pea-green silk dress, a black lace mantiller and sich a ridicklis parasol! Yes, Sister Snowball, you has a marvelous mem'ry in some r'spec's. Deacon Smiff will please pass de hat, while de quire will sing "De Lawd a cheerful gibber lubs."

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AN APRIL DAY.

ARR. BY HELEN E. BROWN.

To be given by four young ladies representing, respectively, "The Cloud," "The Shower," "The Rainbow," and "The Sunbeam." Let the first be given by a brunette and the last by a blonde.

They enter successively at one side of the stage and exit at the opposite side. During the reading of "The Cloud" and "The Shower," thunder and lightning may be produced, thus adding to the effect.

A strong white or yellow light may be thrown upon the stage while "The Sunbeam" is being given.

Costumes.

THE CLOUD: White, gray, and black tarlatan or gauze intermingled after the fashion of a storm-cloud; gray hose, and gray or black slippers.

THE SHOWER: White tarlatan over silver paper or tinfoil; silver bands on the hair; silver slippers.

THE RAINBOW: Pale blue tarlatan with ribbons of the seven colors of the rainbow diagonally across the chest and on the hair, which should be flowing; let the ribbons fall from the shoulders and catch them with a band below the elbow, so that the colors will blend prettily when the arms are raised in gesture. Hose and slippers may be of any two colors of the rainbow.

THE SUNBEAM: Yellow tarlatan, over which diamond dust is liberally sprinkled; flowing hair, and gilt crown; cream hose and gilt slippers.

THE SUNBEAM.

I LIE on the mountains as sweet and as mild
'As a rose on the breast of an innocent child;
And I hie me way down to the valley below,
As noiseless and fleet as a spirit could go.
I pass through the window all darkened by pain
To bring back the dreamings of gladness again;
And I lay me down softly the cradle beside,
Like a promise of joy to the pathway untried.

I'm in the lone attic, where never a song
Of music or pleasure would seem to belong;
Yet I throw o'er its darkness a glimmer of light,
So pensive in beauty we cling to the sight.

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My being is varied—I'm up with the day,
But long before evening I'm passing away;
Yet, changeful and transient, I'm bright to the last
As a hope in the heart and a dream in the past.
I am lovely and loved, for I come from the sky,
Yet dearer to earth than to heaven am I;
For I cast the sweet mantle of peace o'er the mind,
And leave not a token of sorrow behind.

With my silvery pencil I stroke the blue sea,
And gem the bright waves as they float over me;
On the white beach I make me a pillow to sleep,
But the gate of the morn 'tis my province to keep.
With the gentlest of brushes I garnish its bars,
And dimmed is the light of the glorious stars;
Then away down the slope of the hill to the plain,
I am off on my mission of beauty again.
I stay not a moment, for sweet is my play.
With the dew in the grass, at opening of day,
And the shadow I leave in my beautiful path,
Like the fading of autumn its radiance hath.

I am sent to the heart-stricken mourner below,
Yet a stranger am I to the anguish of woe;
No grief have I tasted, no loss have I known,
For I live in the sunshine—the sunshine alone.
Yet the track of my footsteps falls soft 'mid the gloom,
As a smile to a tear so am I to the tomb,
And aloft through the shade of the cypress I plant
My beautiful banner all shining aslant.

I fear not the dark wingèd angel of death,
Yet I fly from the storm with its pitiless breath;
E'en the glare of the lightning grows faint on the mind
As I bear my light form on the wings of the wind,

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And speed like a spirit whose mission is done
To the "crown of my glory," the beautiful sun!
But into your heart let my radiance gleam,
And there cherish ever the little Sunbeam!

THE CLOUD.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While about me blows the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me.
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains,
And I bask all the while in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rain.

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The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.
And when sunset may breathe from the lit sea beneath
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a gentle dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By midnight breezes strewn.
And wherever the heat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair
Is the million-colored bow.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And cherished by the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores,
I change, but I cannot die.

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For after the rain when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
As one who is come like a ghost from the tomb,
I rise and upbuild it again.

THE SHOWER.

HELEN E. BROWN.

The cloud has brought me as she promised she would,
To give you the benefit she never could.
To some I am welcome, to others I'm not,
Though I do cool the air by summer made hot;
And when dust all about you and over you flies,
Choking your voice and blinding your eyes,
Ah! how sweet and refreshing my visit is then,
And how I am welcomed at homes of all men!
The little flowers love me, and raise their fair heads
To receive a fresh draught that my bounty sheds.
The little brook warbling through all the green meads
Is telling in music I'm supplying her needs.
The poor famished cattle far out on the plain
Give sighs of relief when patters the rain.
Sometimes my great usefulness you're prone to forget,
When out for a walk my drops make you wet;
If your umbrella's at home, and your clothes are your best,
I know you're inclined to think it no jest
That I should at that time my love so display,
And you wonder what made me come on that day.
Now, who is the selfish one, you or I?
If I came to you less, you surely would die.
God Who, in His wisdom, to you this earth gave,
Sent me as a blessing your poor lives to save

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From suffering and sorrow and sickness and death
By the delightful coolness of my fragrant breath.
I bring sometimes signals in Thunder's loud voice,
And winds that may whistle in sad dismal noise;
But these will not last, but will soon pass away
As the winter's cold snows in the warm suns of May.
But as bright things are often preceded by sad,
And there's nothing all sorrowful without something that's glad,
So I herald the rainbow, so shining and gay
That I'm sure will delight you and cause you to say,
"I am glad you have come, and I hope you'll return,
For you've taught me a lesson that I'd yet to learn;
And though you may bring with you torrents of rain
I give you my promise I shall never complain."
So I leave you now to a fairer one's power,
But in her bright beauty forget not the Shower.

THE RAINBOW.

Whenever I come I am hailed with delight,
For a vision of beauty I appear to the sight.
My visits are rare, to be prized all the more,
As I come from the beautiful, far-away shore.
No one has yet found my sure dwelling-place,
Though to seek there the gold many entered the race.
To appear unannounced, oh, never will I!
So I send forth my herald from out the blue sky.
If you'd know how I came and why I am here,
I'll tell you most gladly if you'll lend me your ear.
The evening was glorious, and light through the trees
Played the sunshine, the raindrops, the birds, and the breeze;
And the landscape outstretching in loveliness lay
In the lap of the year, in the beauty of May;
For the Queen of the spring as she passed down the vale
Left her robe on the trees and her breath in the gale,

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And the smile of her presence gave joy to the hours,
And flush in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.
The skies like a banner in sunset unrolled
O'er the West threw their splendor in azure and gold.
But all these bright beauties were not long to last,
For clouds, dark and lowering, soon over them passed;
And when with the shower they had held their full sway,
I came in my beauty to chase them away.
I am not like the sun that at midday you view
Nor the moon that rolls nightly through starlight of blue;
Like a spirit I follow the path of the storm,
And the eye and the heart hail my beautiful form.
For I look not severe like an angel of wrath,
But a garment of glory illumines my path.
In the hues of my grandeur sublimely I hover
O'er the village, the field, the wood, and the river.
I'm the bow of Omnipotence, bent by His hand,
Whose grasp at creation the universe spanned;
The presence of God in a symbol sublime,
His vow from the flood to the exit of time.
Not dreadful as when in the whirlwind He pleads,
When storms are His chariot and lightnings His steeds.
Not such am I, the beautiful one;
My arch is refraction, my keystone the sun;
A pavilion I seem by Deity graced
Where Justice and Mercy have met and embraced.
Awhile and I softly bend over the gloom
Like Love o'er a death-couch, or Hope o'er a tomb;
Then leave the dark scenes whence I softly retire,
As Love has just left or as Hope will expire.
May this visit of mine sink deep in your heart,
And from your remembrance may it never depart.
As the Cloud and the Shower to me yielded view,
So I welcome the Sunbeam, and bid you adieu.

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BABY LOGIC.

HELEN M. WINSLOW.

THE baby knelt down to whisper her prayer,
Attired for the night,
In her gown of soft white;
Her face was all solemn, her eyes wide and blue
As she looked up and said—
Kneeling there by her bed—
"Mamma, don't God know which prayer I shall say,
Whether 'Now I lay me,' or 'Good Shepherd, I pray'?"

"Yes, dear," said mamma, "God knows all our thoughts.
He knows every day
If in any way
We shall grieve Him, or whether we'll try to do right:
He knows what you'll say,
But He wants you to pray
Every morning and night, because He loves you,
And wants you to love Him, and talk to Him, too."

"Well, then," and the voice became earnest in tone,
"If He knows aforehand
Will He not understand
That I'm goin' to say, 'Now I lay me,' this time?"
"Yes, child," said mamma,
"He sees from afar."
"But I ain't!" and the blue eyes rippled over with glee,
"I shall say the 'Good Shepherd'—He's 'staken, you see!"

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LORD WALTER'S WIFE.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

"BUT why do you go?" said the lady, while both sate under the yew;
And her eyes were alive in their depth as the kraken beneath the sea-blue.

"Because I fear you," he answered; "because you are far too fair,
And able to strangle my soul in a mesh of your gold-colored hair."

"Oh, that," she said, "is no reason! Such knots are quickly undone;
And too much beauty, I reckon, is nothing but too much sun."

"Yet, farewell so," he answered; "the sun-stroke's fatal at times;
I value your husband, Lord Walter, whose gallop rings still from the limes."

"Oh, that," she said, "is no reason. You smell a rose through a fence;
If two should smell it, what matter? Who grumbles, and where's the pretence?"

"But I," he replied, "have promised another, when love was free,
To love her alone, who alone and afar loveth only me."

"Why, that," she said, "is no reason. Love's always free, I am told.
Will you vow to be safe from the headache on Tuesday, and think it will hold?"

"But you," he replied, "have a daughter, a young little child, who was laid
In your lap to be pure; so I leave you; the angels would make me afraid."

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"Oh, that," she said, "is no reason. The angels keep out of the way;
And Dora, the child, observes nothing, although you should please me and stay."

At which he rose up in his anger—"Why, now, you no longer are fair!
Why, now, you no longer are fatal, but ugly and hateful, I swear."

At which she laughed out in her scorn, "These men! Oh, these men over-nice,
Who are shocked if a color not virtuous is frankly put on by a vice.

"What reason had you and what right—I appeal to your soul from my life—
To find me too fair as a woman? Why, sir, I am pure, and a wife!

"Is the day-star too fair up above you? It burns you not. Dare you imply
I brushed you more close than the star does, when Walter had set me as high?

"Too fair? not unless you misuse us, and surely, if, once in a while,
You attain to it, straightway you call us no longer too fair, but too vile.

"A moment I pray your attention! I have a poor word in my head
I must utter, though womanly custom would set it down better unsaid.

"You grew, sir, pale with impertinence, once when I showed you a ring;
You kissed my fan when I dropped it. No matter! I've broken the thing.

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"Love is a virtue for heroes, as white as the snow on high hills,
And immortal as every great soul is that struggles, endures, and fulfils.

"I love my Walter profoundly—you, Maude, though you faltered a week,
For the sake of—what was it? An eyebrow? or, less still, a mole on a cheek?

"And since, when all's said, you're too noble to stoop to the frivolous cant
About crimes irresistible, virtues that swindle, betray, and supplant,

"I determined to prove to yourself that, whate'er you might dream or avow
By illusion, you wanted precisely no more of me than you have now.

"There! Look me full in the face—in the face! Understand, if you can,
That the eyes of such women as I am are clean as the palm of a man.

"Drop his hand, you insult him. Avoid us for fear we should cost you a scar—
You take us for wantons, I tell you, and not for the women we are.

"You wronged me; but then I considered—there's Walter! And so, at the end,
I vowed that he should not be mulcted by me, in the hand of a friend.

"Have I hurt you, indeed? We are quits then. Nay, friend of my Walter, be mine!
Come, Dora, my darling, my angel, and help me to ask him to dine."

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NOTES OF A HONEYMOON.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

AT last we are free, all hail, Hymenæus!
From C., and from D., at last we are free!
What a comfort 'twill be "Mrs. Grundy" can't see us!
At last we are free, all hail, Hymenæus!

From the Hotel Window.

"What a mountain!" "What ferns!" "And a pond, too, for Rover!"
Da capo—in turns—"What a mountain!" "What ferns!"
Meanwhile the toast burns, and the kettle boils over;
"What a mountain!" "What ferns!" "And a pond, too, for Rover!"

The First Walk.

"Join hands for a peep. You must keep yourself steady.
See, the cliff goes down steep—join hands for a peep.
This they call 'Lovers' Leap,'—*we* have leaped it already!
Join hands for a peep. You must keep yourself steady!"

Arcadia.

"I can hear a sheep-bell." "There are doves cooing yonder."
"It sounds like a spell; I can hear a sheep-bell."
"Shall we like this as well in a twelvemonth?" "I wonder!"
"I can hear a sheep-bell." "There are doves cooing yonder."

At a Bookstall.

"Here it is in the *Times*, dear Charlie—how funny!
'Twixt a 'Smith' and a 'Symes,'—here it is in the *Times*."
"And it's not with the 'crimes'!" "You must pay. *I've* no money!
Here it is in the *Times*, dear Charlie, how funny!"

Misgivings (*No. 1*).

"Poor papa—he's alone!" She is sure he must miss her.
There's a tear in the tone—"*Poor* papa! he's alone!"

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At this point, I own, there is naught but to kiss her.
"Poor papa, he's alone!" She is sure he must miss her.

Misgivings (No. 2).

By-play as before. "Then you'll love me forever?"
"Forever—and more!" (By-play as before.)
"Never think me a 'bore?' Never laugh at me?" "Never!"
By-play as before. "Then you'll love me forever?"

The Sum Total.

She is all that is sweet! I must learn to deserve her.
Bright, kind—I repeat, she is all that is sweet!
(Here a noise in the street puts an end to my fervor.)
She is all that is sweet! I must learn to deserve her.

THE MODEST MAID.

A. H. MORRIS.

"HE told me," said the modest maid,
"I was the pearl of pearls;
My charms displayed would overshade
Ten thousand other girls.
He vowed I was his cherished prize,
His goddess, his delight;
He praised my eyes more blue than skies,
Their glance than gems more bright.

"He swore gold glittered in my hair,
No words could tell my worth;
He called me fair beyond compare
With anything on earth."
"And trust you," asked the matron wise,
"In what he says to you?"
From the maid's eyes shone sweet surprise:
"Of course! I know it's true."

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GONELLO.

AN ITALIAN STORY.

THERE lived in Florence, many years ago,
A merry citizen, by name Gonello,
Whose wit was ceaselessly upon the flow,
Especially when wine had made him mellow
And o'er his visage spread an honest glow;
He was, indeed, a very pleasant fellow,
And could not ope his mouth but out there flew
Extempore a racy jest or two.

But sometimes 'tis a crime to be too witty;
And having ridiculed some dunce of rank,
He was, without delay, expelled the city
(A hard return for such a harmless prank)!
Neither his jokes nor tears could gain him pity,
And all his friends looked very cool and blank;
And when he came to ask them for assistance,
They told him, civilly, to keep his distance.

Gonello shook the dust from off his shoes,
And wandered on in undiminished glee;
Though cut by fortune, still he did not lose
The mirth which buoyed him on life's changing sea;
The world was all before him where to choose.
Soon he determined what his course should be.
The Marquis of Ferrara, said report,
Wanted a fool to entertain his court.

Thither he went to seek the situation,
And backed his prayers with such a comic face,
That he was duly made, by installation,
Prime fool and jester to his royal Grace;

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And having taken up his occupation,
He put on motley, as became his place,
And thenceforth passed his precious time in joking,
Punning and quizzing, revelling and smoking.

His jests were all both laughable and new,
Possessing a most rare and sparkling flavor;
And, being witty and kind-hearted, too,
He soon arose to universal favor,
And, from all quarters, loud applauses drew,
Which did not in the least of envy savor;
The Marquis was delighted with his choice,
And hung with rapture on his jester's voice.

In every public question or debate,
His Highness made Gonello a partaker;
And not a law was broke within the state
Of which he was not judge against the breaker;
'Twas an odd combination of his fate,
That of a politician and pun-maker!
But still he was a very good adviser,
And there was no one in the senate wiser.

It was, indeed, a doubtful question whether
He best became the motley or the gown.
He was as just a judge as e'er trod leather,
And there were none excelled him as a clown;
So, filling these two offices together,
He lived, the admiration of the town.
Until, one day, the Marquis grew unwell,
And then his spirits evidently fell.

His Grace's illness was a quartan ague,
Which the physicians said they could not cure;
I hope, dear reader, it may never plague you,
Doubtless 'tis quite unpleasant to endure.

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Here I am puzzled for a rhyme—put Tagu—
And if you find a better one, be sure
To send it to me, for, you know, sometimes
Kings are not more imperative than rhymes.

There was one remedy which no one dare
Apply, through terror of His Grace's wrath;
It was to seize him wholly unaware
And throw him in the ocean's chilly bath—
A thing they thought he would by no means bear,
But strangle the first one who crossed his path;
Since the physicians would not then apply it,
Gonello secretly resolved to try it.

He had no great respect for wealth or rank;
And with his sovereign walking out one day
Along the margin of the river's bank,
He plunged him headlong in the flashing spray;
Then, seeing him drawn out before he sank,
Took to his heels and ran with speed away;
Presuming that, unless he quickly vanished,
He would most probably be whipped and banished.

The Marquis was pulled out all wet and dripping,
Enraged at having been so vilely treated.
Albeit his health was mended by the dipping
And his recovery almost completed,
He swore the jester should receive a whipping.
In this he shortly found himself defeated,
For then they told him he had just decamped,
At which he bit his lips and roared and stamped.

The courtiers were all filled with indignation
Against the graceless and uncivil prater;
And the next day went forth a proclamation
Denouncing poor Gonello as a traitor.

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The edict filled him with much perturbation;
But his chagrin and misery were greater
On hearing that he would be killed, if found
Ever again upon Ferrara ground.

Yet he resolved, in spite of this decree,
Again to enter the forbidden place,
Believing that his presence could not be
But welcome and agreeable to His Grace;
He would at least go for himself and see.
And, with a lightsome heart and merry face,
He came, with strong provocatives to mirth,
Standing upon a cart of Paduan earth.

By this device he hoped to have evaded
The myrmidons and bloodhounds of the law;
But, ah! he did not view the thing as they did,
Who stood not for entreaty or for flaw;
But pulled him down unpitied and unaided,
And threw him in a prison's ponderous maw;
Then coolly told him, for his consolation,
The platform was in hasty preparation.

The crowd is gathered, and the accursed block
Stands thirsting for the awe-struck victim's blood;
His neck uncovered waits the impending shock,
Which shall unseal the hot and crimson flood.
An interval succeeds, which seems to mock
The horror of the gasping multitude—
When lo! the grinning minister of slaughter
Dashes upon the block a pail of water!

Shouts in the air and thunderous applauses!
Long live the Marquis, and Gonello long!
Joy to the ransomed, and to him who causes
Right only to assume the mask of wrong!

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Hats tossed on high fill up the joyous pauses,
And all is mirth amid the assembled throng;
And boisterous laughter, with repeated peals,
Treads close on sorrow's swift-receding heels.

But soft! the jester—why does he remain
Motionless on the uncrimsoned platform still?
Has agonizing terror stunned his brain,
Or sudden gladness sent too fierce a thrill?
Faints he from rapture, or excess of pain?
His heart beats not—his brow is pale and chill—
Light from his eyes, heat from his limbs has fled—
Jesu Maria! he is dead—is dead!

'Tis said the Marquis was an altered man,
And very dark and gloomy for a while,
Losing all relish for the flowing can,
And frequenting the chapel's sombre aisle;
His countenance grew miserably wan,
And some say he was never seen to smile
After Gonello thus destroyed his jest,
And played, himself, his last one and his best.

JOSIAH AT THE VARIOUS SPRINGS.

MARIETTA HOLLEY.

ONE day Josiah came in, an' sez he, "The Everlastin' Spring is the one for me, Samantha! I believe it will keep me alive for hundreds and hundreds of years."

Sez I, "I don't believe that, Josiah Allen."

"Wall, it is so, whether you believe it or not. Why, I see a fellow jest now who sez he don't believe anybody would ever die at all if they kep' themselves kinder wet through all the time with this water."

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Sez I, "Josiah Allen, you are not talkin' Bible. The Bible sez all flesh is as grass."

"Wall, that is what he meant; if the grass wuz watered with that water all the time, it wouldn't never wilt."

"Oh, pshaw!" sez I.

But Josiah kep' on, for he wuz fearfully excited. Sez he, "Why, the feller said there wuz a old man who lived right by the side of the spring, an' he kep' on a-livin', an' a-livin', till he got to be a hundred. An' he wuz kinder lazy naturally an' he got tired of livin', an' he told his grandson Sam to take him up to Troy an' let him die. Wall, Sam took him up to Troy an' he died right away, almost. An' Sam, bein' a good-hearted chap, thought it would please the old man to be buried down by the spring, so he took him back there, an' when he got clost to the spring, Sam heard a sigh, an' he looked back, an' there the old gentleman wuz a-settin' up a-leanin' his head on his elbow, an' he sez, in a sort of a sad way, not mad, but melancholy, 'You hadn't ort to done it, Sam, you hadn't ort to. I'm in now for another hundred years!'"

I told Josiah I didn t believe it, but he said it wuz a fact, an' the feller said he could prove it, an' sez Josiah, "I am a-goin' to jest live on that water while I am here."

Oh, oh! the quantities of that water that Josiah Allen took! Why, it seemed as if he would make a perfect shipwreck of his own body, till one day he came in fearful excited agin, an' sez he, in agitated accents, "I made a mistake, Samantha. The Immortal Spring is the one for me."

"Why?" sez I.

"Wall, I'll tell you. I have seen a feller that has been a-tellin' me about it. This man had a dretful sick wife. An' he wuz a-carryin' her to the Immortal Spring jest as fast as he could, but she died a mile an' a half from the spring. It wuz night, an' the taverns wuz all shut up, an' he laid her on the spring-house floor, an' laid down himself on one of the benches. Wall, in the night he heard a splashin' an' he rousted up an' see that the water had

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broke loose an' covered the floor an' riz up round the body, an' there she wuz, all bright an' hearty, a-splashin' an' swimmin' round in the water!"

Wall, he follered up that spring, an' drunked more, fur more than wuz good for him. An' as might be expected, he lost strength an' health every day, floodin' himself out with 'em, every one of 'em, till I felt truly that if it went on much longer, I should go home in weeds. But at last a event occurred that sort o' sot him to thinkin' an' quelled him down some. One day we sot out for a walk, an' in spite of all my protestations my pardner had drinked eleven glasses full of the spring he wuz a-follerin' then. An' he looked white round the lips as anything. Josiah an' I wuz a-settin' in a shady place, when a man accosted him an' sez, "You look pale, sir. What water are you a-drinkin'?"

An' Josiah told him that he wuz a-drinkin' the water from the Immortal Spring.

"Drinkin' that water?" sez the man, startin' back horrified.

"Yes," sez Josiah, turnin' paler than ever.

"Oh, oh!" groaned the man. "An' you a married man with a family?"

"Yes," sez Josiah faintly.

"Oh, dear!" sez the man. "Must it be so, to die, so—so—lamented?"

"To die!" sez Josiah, turnin' white round the lips.

"Yes, to die! The water from the Immortal Spring is a deadly poison."

"Hain't there no help for me?" sez Josiah.

"Yes," sez the man, "you must drink from the Live-forever Spring at the other end of the village. If anything can save you that can."

"But," sez Josiah, with a agonized an' hopeless look, "I can't drink no more now."

"Why?" sez the man.

"Because I don't hold any more. I don't hold but two quarts, an' I have drinked eleven glasses full now."

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"Eleven glasses of that poison! Wall, if it is too late I am not to blame. I've warned you. Farewell, forever!" He dashed away, for another stranger wuz approachin'.

But Josiah didn't die. An' this incident made him more megum. You have to be megum in everything, milk-porridge or the Bible. You can kill yourself on milk-porridge if you drink enough, an' you can set down an' read the Bible till you grow to your chair and lose your eyesight.

HUSH.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

"I CAN scarcely hear," she murmured, "for my heart beats low and fast,
But surely, in the far, far distance, I can hear a sound at last."
"It is only the reapers singing, as they carry home their sheaves;
And the evening breeze has risen, and rustles the dying leaves."

"Listen! there are voices talking," calmly still she strove to speak,
Yet her voice grew faint and trembling, and the red flushed in her cheek.
"It is only the children playing below, now their work is done,
And they laugh that their eyes are dazzled by the rays of the setting sun."

Fainter grew her voice and weaker, as with anxious eyes she cried,
"Down the avenue of chestnuts, I can hear a horseman ride."
"It was only the deer that were feeding in a herd on the clover-grass,
They were startled, and fled to the thicket, as they saw the reapers pass."

Now the night arose in silence, birds lay in their leafy nest,
And the deer crouched in the forest, and the children were at rest;
There was only a sound of weeping from watchers around a bed,
But rest to the weary spirit, peace to the quiet dead!

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THE JUBILEE OF THE FLOWERS.

SARAH E. HOWARD.

THE flowers were never more lovely and bright.
They appeared in their best on that midsummer night.
It had been well announced over mountain and lea
That this was the eve for the great jubilee.
Under Flora's direction their magic display
Of beauty and music made famous the day.

The Dandelions, eager to help in good deeds,
Had all blossomed early and given their seeds
To carry the messages; busy were they,
With breezes for steeds, the whole summer day;
They tell every flower, "Be ready to sing
At the close of the day when the Blue-bells shall ring."

So the flowers all blossomed in festive array,
And nodded and laughed all the beautiful day,
Till Venus appeared all alone in the West,
Like a jewel just over the mountain's white crest.
Then the Blue-bells together (for this was the time
That they were to sing) began their sweet chime.

When they had ceased ringing, all over the land
Uprose such sweet music from Flora's own band,
Such fairy-like melody, wonderful strains,
As seldom the ear of a listener gains;
If only their feet had been loosened and free,
The flowers would have danced at the great jubilee.

'Twas the loveliest music—a song without words,
That had in its melody trilling of birds,
The tinkle-te-tinkle of silvery bells,
The ripple of water in shadowy dells,

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The sound of the waves as they curl on the shore,
And a deep undertone of a thunder-like roar.

The Roses all seemed to be singing the air—
If the music rang *high* they were sure to be there.
The Hollyhocks, Dahlias, and plants that were tall
Sang a tenor that rang out in tones above all.
The rest of the flowers had their musical place,
And sweet was their alto, and heavy their bass.

They sang and they sang until Venus was gone,
Till the moon in the East came hurrying on.
They nodded and nodded to keep the true time,
Till the Four o'Clocks sounded for midnight the chime;
Then like tired little children fell quickly asleep,
And at dawn were as bright as the sunbeams that peep.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

DEEP in a wood's sequestered shade
A weary wood-nymph slept one day;
It chanced a wild bird thither strayed,
And o'er her warbled forth his lay.

"Sweet bird!" the waking maiden said,
"One gift on thee will I bestow."
Then sung the warbler, "O'er me shed
Some newer strain than e'er before."

The wood-nymph paused, "Go, sing thy choice;
No strain to thee shall be denied!"
And now that mimic bird hath voice
To imitate all birds beside.

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REGULUS.

EMILY A. BRADDOCK.

"WELCOME to Rome!"
The cry rang through the city, and it rose
To meet its hero—priests and soldiery,
Consuls and thronging people with acclaim.
The senate donned their purple-broidered robes
And issued forth like kings.
With tears of joy a noble matron came
With all her band of little ones, to greet
Her long-lost lord.
"Welcome to Regulus!"
With a glad spring the city gates flew back
To let him in. Not as a conqueror
He came, in golden chariot borne,
With milk-white prancing steeds. Oft had his brow
Worn crown of gold or laurel, but not now.
No sign it bore save the deep battle-scar.
Before the city-walls he stood, a worn old man.
The dungeon-mould was on his garments, and
The sun seemed strange and garish to his eyes.
The shouts of "Welcome!" fell upon his ear,
But over his stern lips flitted no smile.
At all their pleading words, he shook his head,
And entered not. "Nay, noble Romans, nay,
It is not meet that Carthage's prisoner
Your liberal honors share. Let me but give
My message, as becomes ambassador!
Carthage doth offer peace
As the late victor, upon terms, herself
Advantaging, but ignominious
To you, alike, and to the Roman name."

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Then spake the next ambassador, soon as
The herald pealed for silence.
He argued peace, in long, well-woven speech,
Pleading the blood on both sides shed, and weight
Of care to either state.
The next spake on,
And still the next, and next, urging the peace.
With hearts whispering assent, the senate heard,
For of the long war they were weary, and
Rome's demigods were changing fast to men.
Only one voice, at last, to cast the die,
And every eye was turned on Regulus.
"Senate of Rome, and people, hear! Will ye
So stain the glorious name of Roman? Why,
The seven hills would totter to shake out
Sons so unworthy from their bosom. What!
Have ye forgot the Samnites, Volscians,
The Equi, Pyrrhus, and Veii? Aye, now
I see ye still are Romans. Nay, look not
On me so pityingly!
By Jupiter
I swear, I'd rather die a thousand deaths
Than clasp for safety foul dishonor." Thus
He spake. No voice dissented, but all eyes
Gave him amaze, who for his country's sake
Spake his own doom.
But he rose up to go;
Then all their love found voice. With tears they begged
His stay. In vain! In vain, his wife's and children's cry
Rose on the breeze. Without embrace, without farewell he went,
His face toward Carthage, and he turned not back.
Rome looked her last on Regulus!
A few days, and his eyeballs, curtainless,
Glared red 'neath Carthage's sun. His quivering flesh
Shrank 'neath sharp spikes, till thirsty torture, sick

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With surfeit, belched his last red blood-drop out.
Anon, in Rome's streets, shouts of victory,
The trumpets blare, and tramp of proud-necked steeds!
There Carthage knelt,
Begging the peace that queenly Rome flung, bit
By bit, into her beggared coffers, and
On peal of trumpet, and on marble pile
And scroll, outliving death, there was a name—
'Twas that of Regulus!

THE PICKWICKIANS TAKEN FOR INFORMERS, BUT RESCUED BY THE STRANGER.

CHARLES DICKENS.

"WHAT'S the fun?" said a rather tall, thin young man, suddenly making his appearance.

"Informers!" shouted the crowd.

"We are not," roared Mr. Pickwick.

"Ain't you, though, ain't you?" said the young man, appealing to Mr. Pickwick. That learned man in a few words explained the case.

"Come along, then," said the stranger, lugging Mr. Pickwick after him by main force, and talking the whole way. "Here, No. 924, take your fare, and take yourself off—respectable gentleman—know him well—none of your nonsense—this way, sir—where's your friends—all a mistake, I see—never mind—accidents will happen—best regulated families—never say die—down upon your luck—pull him up—put that in his pipe—like the flavor—confounded rascals." And with a lengthened string of similar sentences the stranger led the way to the waiting-room, closely followed by Mr. Pickwick and his disciples.

"Here, waiter!" shouted the stranger, ringing the bell with tremendous violence, "glasses round; brandy-and-water, hot and

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strong and sweet and plenty—eye damaged, sir? Waiter, raw beefsteak for the gentleman's eye; nothing like raw beefsteak for a bruise, sir; cold lamp-post very good, but lamp-post inconvenient —deuced odd standing in the open street half an hour with your eye against a lamp-post, eh? very good! ha! ha!" And the stranger, without stopping to take breath, swallowed at a draught full half a pint of the reeking brandy-and-water.

He was about the middle height, but the thinness of his body and the length of his legs gave him the appearance of being much taller. The green coat he wore had been a smart dress-garment in the days of swallow-tails, but had evidently in those times adorned a much shorter man than the stranger, for the soiled and faded sleeves scarcely reached to his wrists. It was buttoned closely up to his chin, at the imminent hazard of splitting the back, and an old stock, without a vestige of shirt collar, ornamented his neck. His scanty black trousers displayed here and there those shiny patches which bespeak long service, and were strapped very tightly over a pair of patched and mended shoes, as if to conceal the dirty white stockings which were, nevertheless, distinctly visible. His long black hair escaped in negligent waves from beneath each side of his old pinched-up hat, and glimpses of his bare wrist might be observed between the tops of his gloves and the cuffs of his coat sleeves. His face was thin and haggard; but an indescribable air of jaunty impudence and perfect self-possession pervaded the whole man.

Mr. Pickwick and his friends nearly exhausted themselves in proffering their thanks for his assistance.

"Never mind," said the stranger, cutting them short, "said enough—no more; smart chap that cabman—handled his fives well; but if I'd been your friend in the green jemmy—punch his head, egad I would, no gammon."

This speech was interrupted by the announcement that the Commodore was about to start.

"Commodore!" said the stranger, starting up, "my coach—place booked—one outside—leave you to pay for the brandy-and-

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water—want change for a five—bad silver—Brummagem buttons—won't do—no go—eh?" and he shook his head most knowingly.

Mr. Pickwick and his companions were to go by the same coach, and it was arranged so that they sat together.

"Up with you," said the stranger, assisting Mr. Pickwick on to the roof with so much precipitation as to impair the gravity of that gentleman's deportment very materially.

"Any luggage, sir?" inquired the coachman.

"Who, I? Brown paper parcel here, that's all; other luggage gone by water—packing-cases, nailed up—big as houses—heavy, heavy, deuced heavy," replied the stranger, as he forced into his pocket the parcel, which contained one shirt and a handkerchief.

"Heads, heads, take care of your heads," cried he, as they came out under the low arch. "Terrible place—dangerous work—other day—five children—mother—tall lady, eating a sandwich—forgot the arch—crash—knock—children look round—mother's head off—sandwich in her hand—no mouth to put it in—head of a family off—shocking, shocking!"

"You are an observer of human nature, sir," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh, yes! Most people are when they've little to do and less to get. Poet, sir?"

"My friend, Mr. Snodgrass, has a strong poetic turn," said Mr. Pickwick.

"So have I," said the stranger. "Epic poem—ten thousand lines—revolution of July—composed it on the spot—Mars by day, Apollo by night—bang the field-piece, twang the lyre."

"You were present at that glorious scene, sir?" inquired Mr. Snodgrass.

"Present! think I was; fired a musket—fired with an idea; rushed into wine-shop, wrote it down, back again, whiz, bang, another idea, wine-shop again, pen and ink, back again, cut and slash—noble time, sir. Sportsman, sir?" abruptly turning to Mr. Winkle.

"A little, sir," replied Mr. Winkle.

"Fine pursuit, sir, fine pursuit. Ah! you should keep dogs—

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fine animals—sagacious creatures—dog of my own once—pointer—surprising instinct—out shooting one day—entering inclosure—whistled—dog stopped—whistled again—'Ponto'—no go; stock-still—called him—'Ponto, Ponto'—wouldn't move—dog transfixed—staring at a board—looked up, saw an inscription—'Gamekeeper has orders to shoot all dogs found in this inclosure'—wouldn't pass it—wonderful dog—valuable dog that—very."

"Singular circumstance that," said Mr. Pickwick. "Will you allow me to make a note of it?"

"Certainly, sir, certainly—hundred more anecdotes of the same animal. Fine girl, sir," to Mr. Tupman, who had been bestowing anti-Pickwickian glances on a young lady.

"Very!" said Mr. Tupman.

"English girls not so fine as Spanish—noble creatures—jet hair—black eyes—lovely forms—sweet creatures—beautiful!"

"You have resided in Spain, sir?"

"Lived there—ages!"

"Many conquests, sir?" inquired Mr. Tupman.

"Conquests! Thousands. Don Bolaro Fizzgig—grandee—only daughter—Donna Christina—splendid creature—loved me to distraction—jealous father—high-souled daughter—handsome Englishman—Donna Christina in despair—prussic acid—stomach-pump in my portmanteau—operation performed—old Bolaro in ecstasies—consent to our union—join hands and floods of tears—romantic story—very."

"Is the lady in England now, sir?" inquired Mr. Tupman.

"Dead, sir—dead," said the stranger, applying to his right eye the brief remnant of a very old cambric handkerchief. "Never recovered the stomach-pump—undermined constitution—fell a victim."

"And her father?" inquired the poetic Snodgrass.

"Remorse and misery," replied the stranger. "Sudden disappearance—talk of the whole city—search made everywhere—without success—public fountain suddenly ceased playing—weeks elapsed—still a stoppage—workmen employed to clean it—water

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drawn off—father-in-law discovered sticking head first in the main pipe, with a full confession in his right boot—took him out, and the fountain played away again as well as ever."

"Will you allow me to note that little romance down, sir?" said Mr. Snodgrass deeply affected.

"Certainly, sir, certainly—fifty more if you like to hear them—strange life mine—rather curious history—not extraordinary, but singular."

They reached the Bull Inn as the stranger stopped speaking, and Mr. Winkle asked, "Do you stop here, sir?"

"Here—not I—but you'd better—good house—nice beds—Wright's next door—dear—very dear—half a crown in the bills if you look at the waiter—charge you more if you dine at a friend's than they would if you dined in the coffee-room!"

Mr. Pickwick addressed the stranger. "You rendered us a very important service this morning, sir," said he; "will you allow us the favor of your company at dinner?"

"Great pleasure—not presume to dictate, but broiled fowl and mushrooms—capital thing! What time?"

"Shall we say five?"

"Suit me excellently," said the stranger, "five precisely—till then—care of yourselves." And lifting the pinched-up hat a few inches from his head, and carelessly replacing it very much on one side, he walked briskly away.

"Evidently a traveller in many countries and a close observer of men and things," said Mr. Pickwick.

"I should like to see his poem," said Mr. Snodgrass.

"I should like to have seen that dog," said Mr. Winkle.

Mr. Tupman said nothing, but he thought of Donna Christina and the stomach-pump and the fountain, and his eyes filled with tears.

Punctual to five o'clock came the stranger, and shortly afterward dinner.

"What's that?" he inquired as the waiter removed one of the covers.

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"Soles, sir."

"Soles—ah! capital fish—all come from London—stage-coach proprietors cunning fellows—carriages of soles—dozens of baskets. Glass of wine, sir?"

"With pleasure," said Mr. Pickwick, and the stranger took wine first with him and then with Mr. Snodgrass, and then with Mr. Tupman, and then with Mr. Winkle, and then with the whole party together, almost as rapidly as he talked.

"Deuce of a mess on the staircase, waiter," said the stranger. "Forms going up — carpenters coming down—lamps, glasses, harps. What's going forward?"

"Ball, sir," said the waiter.

"Many fine women in town, do you know, sir?" inquired Mr. Tupman.

"Splendid—capital! Kent, sir—everybody knows Kent—apples, cherries, hops, and women. Glass of wine, sir?"

"With great pleasure," replied Mr. Tupman. "I should very much like to go to the ball," continued the susceptible Tupman.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said the stranger. "Bottle stands—pass it round—way of the sun," and he emptied his glass which he had filled about two minutes before, and poured out another with the air of a man who was used to it. The wine was passed and a fresh supply ordered. The visitor talked, the Pickwickians listened. Mr. Tupman felt every moment more disposed for the ball; Mr. Pickwick's countenance glowed with an expression of universal philanthropy, and Mr. Winkle and Mr. Snodgrass fell fast asleep.

"They're beginning upstairs," said the stranger; "hear the company—fiddles tuning—now the harp—there they go!"

"How I should like to go!" said Mr. Tupman.

"So should I," said the stranger. "Confounded luggage—heavy smacks—nothing to go in—odd, ain't it?"

"A suit of my friend, Mr. Winkle, might fit you," said Mr. Tupman.

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"Fill the glasses and pass the wine," said the indefatigable visitor.

Mr. Tupman did as requested, and the additional stimulus of the last glass settled his determination. In another quarter of an hour the stranger was completely arrayed in a full suit of Mr. Winkle's.

"It's a new coat," said Mr. Winkle, "the first that's been made with our club-button."

"P. C.," said the stranger, surveying himself with great complacency in a cheval-glass. "Queer set-out—old fellow's likeness, and P. C. What does P. C. stand for—Peculiar Coat, eh?"

Mr. Tupman with rising indignation explained the mystic device.

"Rather short in the waist, ain't it?" said the stranger, screwing himself round to catch a glimpse in the glass of the waist-buttons, which were half-way up his back. "Like a general postman's coat—all the short men get the long coats—all the long men short ones." Running on in this way, accompanied by Mr. Tupman, he ascended the staircase leading to the ballroom.

One of the most important personages present at the ball was a little fat man, Doctor Slammer, surgeon of the 97th. He was indefatigable in paying the most devoted attentions to a little old widow, whose richness of apparel was bewildering.

"Lots of money—old girl—pompous doctor—not a bad idea—good fun," said the stranger. Mr. Tupman looked inquisitively in his face. "I'll dance with the widow," said the stranger.

"Who is she?" inquired Mr. Tupman.

"Don't know—never saw her in all my life—cut out the doctor—here goes." And the stranger crossed the room, and, leaning against a mantel-piece, gazed with an air of melancholy admiration on the fat old lady. The widow dropped her fan; the stranger picked it up—a smile—a bow—a courtesy—a few words of conversation; the stranger walked boldly to the master of ceremonies; an introduction followed, and the stranger and Mrs. Bodger took their places in a quadrille. The stranger was young and the

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widow was flattered. Dr. Slammer was paralyzed. He to be extinguished in a moment by a fellow whom nobody knew was preposterous!

Silently did the doctor bear all this, and the handings of negus and watching for glasses and darting for biscuits and coquetting that ensued; but after the stranger disappeared to lead Mrs. Bodger to her carriage, the doctor followed him, and, as he returned, the doctor in a perspiration of passion stood in his way. The stranger was exulting. He had triumphed. The doctor thirsted for his life.

"Sir," said the doctor in an awful voice, producing a card, "my name is Dr. Slammer, sir—Slammer, sir—of the 97th regiment, Chatham Barracks; my card, sir, my card." He would have added more, but his rage choked him.

"Ah!" replied the stranger, coolly, "Slammer—much obliged—polite attention—not ill now, Slammer—but when I am will call you up."

"You are a shuffler, sir," gasped the furious doctor. "A poltroon, a coward, a liar, a—a—will nothing induce you to give me your card, sir?"

"Oh, I see!" said the stranger, "negus too strong here—liberal landlord—very foolish—very—lemonade much better—hot rooms—elderly gentleman—suffer for it in the morning—cruel—cruel." And he moved on a step or two.

"You are stopping in this house, sir; you are intoxicated, sir; you shall hear from me in the morning, sir. I shall find you out, sir, I shall find you out," said the indignant doctor.

"Rather you found me out than found me at home," replied the unmoved stranger.

Doctor Slammer looked unutterable ferocity as he fixed his hat on his head with an indignant knock, and the stranger and Mr. Tupman ascended to the bedroom of the latter to restore the borrowed plumage of the unconscious Winkle.

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STANZAS TO MY NOSE.

MY nose! my nose! oh! mercy me! my dreadful little nose!
Why can't we have a settlement, small cause of all my woes?
Oh! why art thou so flat, so pug, queer handle of my face,
To make a laughing-stock of me, and bring me to disgrace?

My whiskers are both large and black—they suit me very well;
I put them off and on again, to please each city belle;
But thou art fixed, forever fixed, between my mouth and eye,
Thou little dot! I wish thou wert more prominent and high.

My pantaloons are just the cut, the tailor's finest make;
My coat, the richest blue, or black, all for the ladies' sake;
But yet, ah, me! what use are they? Thou cause of so much ill,
I wish thou wert but half as long as is my tailor's bill!

And if I walk out with the girls, as now and then I do,
Or at a corner take my stand, particularly blue,
Each dandy holds his quizzing glass, then, grinning, onward goes,
He thinks—the fool!—I do not know he tries to spy my nose.

"Your feet are large enough," one says; "they're always in the way."
I made an accidental step on one the other day.
"You'd better keep those feet," says he, "off decent people's toes,
And make them to change places with your something of a nose."

Oh, dear! the jokes, the jibes, the jests, that saucy fellows play
With noses large, and fair, and square, at every time of day—
"How straight and tall that exquisite!" each bantam dandy crows;
"Ah, happy will he be! no wife will lead him by the nose."

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I waked from pleasant sleep one morn, and saw upon the wall,
A little and a large nose drawn, with this tremendous scrawl:
"You'd better have no nose at all than such a nose as this,
But one like to this large one here were ecstasy of bliss."

And so they talk and laugh at me, all safe within their sleeve:
I suppose they think they hurt me much, and make me sorely grieve;
They speak their daggers to my face, and rub me very close,
"For he," say they, "at all our pranks can ne'er turn up his nose."

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NOTES ON AUTHORS.

Anstey, F.—An English writer of some merit. His style is always amusing and sometimes brilliant. His best-known works are: "Vice Versa," "The Giant's Robe," and "Tourmalin's Time Cheques."

Arnold, Sir Edwin.—For sketch see No. 1 of this series.

Browning, Elizabeth Barrett.—For sketch see No. 8 of this series.

Browning, Robert.—For sketch see No. 1 of this series.

Bunner, Henry Cuyler.—For sketch see No. 1 of this series.

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor.—For sketch see No. 8 of this series.

Cook, Eliza (1818-1889).—An English poet, at one time a frequent contributor to English periodicals. Her productions were widely copied in America. They are chiefly on religious subjects, and portray with simplicity and truth the kindly affections and awaken the better feelings.

Craik, Dinah M.—For sketch see No. 1 of this series.

Dickens, Charles.—For sketch see No. 1 of this series.

Dobson, Austin.—For sketch see No. 1 of this series.

Ewing, Juliana Horatia (1851-1885).—She was one of a large family, to whom she was accustomed to act as nursery story-teller, so her writings have been chiefly for the young. In 1867 she married Major Alexander Ewing, A.P.P., and many of the tales written since are largely colored by an obvious sympathy for soldiers and their surroundings. Some of her best-known works are: "The Story of a Short Life," "Jackanapes," and "Lob Lie-by-the-Fire." Altho gh her stories are written for children, they all have a wise and beautiful meaning, and are interesting for old as well as for young.

Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von.—For sketch see No. 8 of this series.

Holley, Marietta.—This quaint writer, who is almost wholly known by the name of the character used so frequently in her writings, namely, "Josiah Allen's Wife," is prominent in American literature. The wit and humor of her books is genuine, and under its guise Miss Holley conveys many a truth that in other form might repel the reader.

Hugo, Victor Marie (1802-1885).—A French poet and novelist, born at Besançon. He early went to Paris. His education was classi-

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cal, received in a religious school. He has been called by critics the "Voice of the ages." His fame was first achieved as a playwright. Among the best known of his plays are: "Hernani," "Cromwell," "Marion de Lorme." He is regarded as the leader of the Romanticists. Perhaps his greatest novels are "Les Miserables," translated into nine languages and published simultaneously in Paris, London, New York, Brussels, Madrid, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Turin; "History of a Crime," "Notre Dame de Paris," and "Ninety-three."

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Kipling, Rudyard.—For sketch see No. 2 of this series.

Knowles, James Sheridan.—For sketch see No. 8 of this series.

Kotzebue, August Friedrich Ferdinand von (1761-1819).—A German dramatist. He first studied law and was admitted as an advocate; became secretary to Governor-General von Bauer at St. Petersburg, who recommended him to the empress. He was promoted and finally ennobled. He gained reputation through his "Kleine Gesammelte Schriften" and his two plays, "Menschenhass and Reue" and "Die Indianer." Besides his plays, he wrote a history of the German empire and a work on the "Ancient History of Prussia." Altogether, his plays number over 100. Sheridan adapted into English the plays "The Stranger" and "Pizarro."

Lytton, Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer (1805-1873).—This brilliant English writer received his education at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. From his childhood he has evinced a love for literature. His first work was "Falkland," followed by his great work "Pelham; or, The Adventures of a Gentleman." In rapid succession came prose and poetical works, satire, romance, and sentiment. Among his greatest works may be named: "Last Days of Pompeii," "Rienzi, the Last of the Roman Tribunes," "The Last of the Barons," "The Caxtons," "My Novel," "A Strange Story." He also made a spirited translation of the poems and ballads of Schiller. He was a member of Parliament and was one of the most delightful orators of his day.

Martin, Arthur Patchett (1851-).—Born in Australia, he is a literary essayist and poet. He is also a busy and successful journalist, and therefore has not written very much. But his work is so good that he is ranked as one of the best Australian poets.

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